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The Shape of Things

WE ARE ON THE POINT OF SQUANDERING our birthright of world leadership for a mess of partisan pottage. The rejection of David Lilienthal as head of the Atomic Energy Commission would mean a sell-out to the meanest forces in American life today—to the pork-barrel politician, the private-power lobbyist, the anti-Semite, the Hoover-era obscurantist, the we've-got-to-keep-the-bomb militarist. And out from under their protecting stones would come creeping the isolationists. Carl Levin on page 202 supplies the gloomy facts in the case. There is one man who could stop this sell-out—Robert Taft of Ohio, boss of the Republican majority in the Senate. So far he has publicly sat on the fence but privately he appears to have given comfort to that "little group of wilful men" who would once more lead this country stumbling blindfolded down the road to isolationism, abandoning the great role that history has cast for it in world affairs. For the fight on Lilienthal—as squalid as any that has disgraced our democratic record—is much more than a conspiracy against one of the few great men the United States has produced in the last decade. It is, in fact, a reckless gambling with destiny. Any American schoolboy today sees with greater clarity than most of our Senatorial simpletons that atomic energy will determine for better or worse the future of our world. He knows that the United States, of all nations, has the awful responsibility of saying how it shall be controlled and to what uses it shall be put. That schoolboy's chances of reaching manhood may have been appreciably lessened by the work last week of McKellar, Bridges, White, Wherry, Brooks, O'Daniel, and the rest. If this gang is allowed to say how American atomic policy is to be determined, then Senator Austin at the United Nations may as well fold up his papers and pack his briefcase. And Gromyko will have a right to smile when we insist that the United States is irrevocably committed to the world control of atomic energy through a United Nations Atomic Development Authority. For the United States Senate, the maker of treaties, will have thrown to the dogs the chief author of the Lilienthal-Acheson-Baruch report. Better think hard, Robert Taft. You've got a bigger destiny even than that of the Republican Party, pressing down on your shoulders.

RIGHT-WING COLUMNISTS AND CARTOONISTS have been fairly gloating over the British fuel crisis. It just goes to show, they maintain, what happens when a country turns its back on free enterprise. As David Lawrence puts it in the New York *Sun*, "The impact of the first socialistic government on the British people has developed a major crisis." The only thing wrong with this argument is the fact emphasized by Aylmer Vallance in a London dispatch on page 203 that the current trouble in Britain has been caused not by too much planning but by too little. Last fall, coal production was increasing, thanks to the improvement in miners' morale following the passage of the Coal Nationalization Act, but consumption was rising still faster. It was clear that the margin of safety needed in case of a really cold winter was very slim. Nevertheless, the government gambled on the weather and refused to institute any drastic rationing scheme. No doubt its decision was influenced by memories of the terrific uproar created by the Tories when John Strachey, declining to take chances on the harvest, decreed bread rationing last summer. That move turned out to be as farsighted as it was unpopular, and it is a pity that the Labor government did not deal as boldly with coal. As a result it is open to attack for forgetting the rugged individualism of British weather. But the moral, surely, is not that socialism has failed but that in so vital a matter socialists shouldn't depend on laissez-faire methods.

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DURING ITS FIRST MONTH IN OFFICE, THE French government has weathered a number of sharp squalls without much damage, but now the barometer indicates that something like a political typhoon lies ahead. With Communist Party support, the C. G. T. (General Federation of Labor), pointing out that prices have risen 50 per cent since last June, is demanding wage increases that average 20 per cent. All other parties oppose general wage increases as certain to nullify the government's price-reduction campaign. Tempers are rising in what is really a three-cornered fight. The trade unions have fact on their side in declaring that the price-reduction program has had almost no effect on living standards. The government, able to show that January

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was the first month since the war in which prices have not risen, argues that new measures to be applied in March will insure what amounts to a wage increase. The C. G. T. is obviously skeptical. The Employers' Federation has declared that a 10 per cent reduction in prices, unless matched by increased output, will abolish profits. Whether the Cabinet will be torn apart will depend upon the outcome of a conference between the ministries concerned and the C. G. T., to be opened on February 21. The calling out of the Paris police surely indicates that the Communist Party is little inclined to compromise, while M. Schumann, M. R. P. Minister of Finance, has threatened to resign if a general wage increase is granted. Evidently M. Ramadier will have the greatest difficulty in keeping both parties within his government, which would be brought down by the defection of either one of them.

*

WE ADVISE THOSE WHO ARE CALCULATING tax savings in the light of the $6 billion reduction in federal expenditure recommended by the House-Senate Legislative Budget Committee to restrain their excitement. This global cut, forced through the committee by its large Republican majority, may turn out to be little more than a global gesture. Even its most fervent proponents admit that it will not bind the Appropriations Committee when it gets down to its task of fixing expenditures for the various departments. Moreover, the recommendation has yet to be indorsed by Congress, and while the House is expected to approve it, a real fight is shaping up in the Senate, where some members realize that a big-stick foreign policy cannot be properly backed up with a swagger-cane. Economies on the scale advocated by the Budget Committee cannot be made solely at the expense of civilian governmental activities; they must mean deep cuts also in service appropriations. Senator Bridges, in fact, has admitted tentative plans to reduce navy expenditures by $750 million and to lop a cool billion off War Department appropriations. In addition, the army's civil activities—namely, administration and food supply in occupied areas—are threatened by a 50 per cent cut. Little wonder that the service chiefs are protesting vociferously. We shall be surprised if their cries are unheeded. And equally strong protests are to be expected from interests the Republicans are bound to placate, such as the farmers, if and when Congress gets down to the job of translating its $6 billion aspiration into actual savings. The G. O. P. is still a long way from reconciling its twin pledges to reduce taxes and balance the budget.

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NOT IN A LONG WHILE HAS THE SUPREME Court come up with a ruling as vulnerable as its recent decision that public moneys may be used to provide free bus service for parochial schools. In presenting the majority opinion Justice Black appeared to be extremely

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sensitive to the prospective charge that the court was jeopardizing the integrity of the First Amendment, which rules out any law "respecting an establishment of religion." Repeatedly he went out of the way to uphold the principle of separation between church and state and even cited favorably another court's decision that "no tax . . . can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions." Yet in spite of these qualms, he and four of his colleagues decided that Ewing Township, New Jersey, was warranted in providing buses for the pupils of Catholic schools as a matter of "public welfare," just as it provided fire and police protection for such institutions. The First Amendment, they ruled, did not "prohibit New Jersey from extending its general state-law benefits to all its citizens without regard to their religious beliefs." The reasoning here appears to be shockingly loose. The free transportation is available to all who care to use the public-school system, regardless of religion. But if the state is to extend such service to the parochial schools on the ground that they are entitled to equal treatment, then why not provide them with free books too? Indeed, why not, as Justice Rutledge asked in a cogent dissent, support them entirely, as the public schools are supported? Nervously, haltingly, but surely, the court majority has breached the wall of separation so carefully built up by Jefferson and Madison. We will hear more of this matter as other communities take their lead from the Ewing Township case. We can only hope then, that the court will reverse itself, as it has on other occasions when its decisions have clearly misfired.

*

MAYOR O'DWYER OF NEW YORK HAS BEEN bitterly attacked in the press for his conduct of hearings on the ten-cent subway fare. He staged the proceedings, it is charged, purely in order to create a propaganda background for a plea by the city authorities for additional aid from the state. Undoubtedly that was one of the motives inspiring the Mayor's action, but we believe that he was also anxious to counteract the rabid campaign for a ten-cent fare which local newspapers, apart from *PM* and the New York *Post,* had been carrying on for months. That campaign has been designed to prove by damnable reiteration that New Yorkers were really anxious to double their daily traveling costs, recognizing that this was the only way to dig the city out of the financial hole into which it had tumbled. Despite an impressive array of legal and financial talent mustered by the real-estate interests in support of this thesis, the three-day hearing in the City Hall proved fairly conclusively that a ten-cent fare would do little to solve New York's fiscal problems and that the New York press did not reflect its readers' opinions on the subject. The real point at issue is who shall provide the additional revenue which the city needs—the wage-earners for whom a ten-cent fare means the equivalent of a 10 per cent rise in rents, or the real-estate interests. Opponents of the ten-cent fare, says the New York *Times,* editorially, "want owners of property to subsidize the subways still further." We suggest that this complaint stands the situation on its head. The subways have brought an enormous unearned increment to the real-estate owners of the city. If that increment had been captured for the benefit of the community, as it should have been, New York could have had a debt-free transit system.

*

WESTBROOK PEGLER SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN tripped by his own semantics. He and other publicists of the same kidney have long devoted themselves to giving the word "Communist" a thoroughly opprobrious connotation. How well they have succeeded is shown by a ruling of the United States Circuit Court that in Illinois "it is libelous *per se* to write of a man or a corporation that they are 'Communist' or 'Communist sympathizers.'" As the decision points out, "the label Communist today, in the minds of many average and respectable persons, places the accused beyond the pale of respectability and makes him a symbol of public hatred, contrary to the statute." The immediate effect of this ruling is to return to the District Court for trial a $6,000,000 libel suit brought by A. N. Spanel and the International Latex Corporation against Westbrook Pegler, the King Features Syndicate, and the publishers of the Chicago *Herald-American.* Whatever the outcome of the case, the Circuit Court has given a salutary warning to those who have formed the habit of denouncing as Communists anyone to the left of Harry Truman.

China's Time Bomb

THE immediate cause of the inflationary crisis that threatens China's economy with disaster was an American consul's statement that the United States government did not approve of T. V. Soong's export subsidy program. It was simple and undramatic advice, but following upon Secretary Marshall's withdrawal of military support it has apparently demolished an already dwindling faith in Nanking's reconstruction plans, which depend in great part upon the acquisition of dollar credits.

As usual the Communist Party has been blamed for the present crisis. The truth is that the guilty persons are Chiang Kai-shek and his associates. It may be admitted that the Chinese economy was in no shape to sustain an exhausting war effort, but that prices rose about 700 per cent during that period was due to the fact that a sincere effort to control them was never attempted. Such an effort would have involved sharp struggle with the military cliques, the great landlords, and the industrial mo-

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nopolists who were themselves the government. The printing press has been the favorite financial weapon of the Kuomintang, with the result that since 1936 the volume of paper currency has been multiplied only a little less than a million times. An honest and competent civil service, the prerequisite of sound effort, does not exist in China, and cannot in present circumstances.

That is why Chiang's drastic new decrees aimed at currency and food hoarders, speculators, and black marketeers will almost certainly prove ineffective. The worst offenders are intrenched in the government itself, and Chiang cannot liquidate them without sacrificing his chief support. Once again Acton's aphorism—absolute power corrupts absolutely—is being illustrated. UNRRA aid, military support, the granting of dollar credits, everything that was done in pursuance of the common struggle against Japan, has served to tighten the grasp of an incompetent dictatorship. There lies the reason for the Kuomintang's embittered opposition to communism and liberal democracy alike. The fact is well known to the Chinese people, and that is why the most cautious reversals in American policy would have touched off a trigger mechanism at any time since the close of the war.

To counter the corrupt Chinese diehards a party with teeth must be included within a new government; in no other way will it be possible to resist the Kuomintang machine and compel fulfilment of reforms in the countless towns and villages of China. Today the only group that so qualifies is the Communist Party, but it will have no truck with the present sham coalition, and with reason, for the honest men who have consented to serve in the central government are impotent. Moreover, the economic crisis strengthens the position of the Yenan leaders, to an extent, indeed, which might tempt them to overplay their hand were Chiang willing to reopen negotiations.

Unfortunately, it is hardly worth while to discuss the possibility of negotiations, for the crisis has not rendered the Generalissimo one whit less intransigent. Reports from Nanking state that he is bitter against President Truman and General Marshall for refusing to give unconditional and unlimited support to his war against Yenan but still determined to smash the Communist armies, although publicly he talks merely of protecting communications. China, desperately in need of peace and reform, faces therefore the prospect of a prolonged civil war which is likely to end in stalemate and common ruin. Can the United States do anything to avert such a disaster? It can, we believe, only hold fast to its policy of non-intervention while making it plain to both sides that it will offer generous assistance for China's reconstruction when a stable and representative government capable of undertaking that task has been established.

Why Teachers Rebel

SIX thousand American schools have closed their doors in the past twelve months. This year 75,000 American children will have no schooling whatever. Five million others will go to school either to sit idle for the most part, without instruction, or to endure the attentions of sub-standard teachers, 60,000 of whom have no more than a high-school diploma by way of qualification and some of whom have gone no farther than the fifth grade. And this is only the beginning of a catastrophe that has befallen the public schools of the United States—that system of free and compulsory education which Americans rightly think of as the bedrock of their democracy but which they allot only 1.5 per cent of their income. (Britain allows 3 per cent, Russia 7.5.)

The appalling deterioration of the American public schools, which has been worrying only a handful of people for the past few years, is now apparent to anyone who takes the trouble to study the remarkable survey prepared for the New York *Times* by its education editor, Benjamin Fine. Six months' time, extensive travel from coast to coast, and hundreds of interviews have gone into Mr. Fine's excellent series of articles and into his conclusion that although our schools did not suffer a single air raid, "they are being wrecked just as surely as though they had been blasted by heavy bombers."

Lack of physical facilities—plant and equipment—is serious, with more than four billion dollars needed to provide the country with adequate buildings. But this is far less important than the devastating loss of personnel. Since 1940, teachers have been abandoning the schoolroom at the rate of 70,000 a year. In the state of Missouri only 2 per cent of the teachers who served in 1940-41 remain on the pay roll today, and for the country as a whole only half of the 1941 staff is still in action.

Among those who have been rushed into the breach, incompetence of the grossest sort is commonplace. Everywhere Fine heard the same story. "We need more teachers," said a Georgia school superintendent. "Some of the teachers we now employ just call the roll. They can't teach." In Colorado high schools fully a fourth of the instructors are teaching subjects for which they do not hold licenses, and in hundreds of schools major subjects like physics, chemistry, and biology have had to be dropped altogether. High-school girls have taken over classes in Chicago, and one state education commissioner remarked with little exaggeration, "We no longer ask whether an applicant can read or write. If she looks as if she is able to stand up we take her."

What makes the situation doubly desperate is the fact that as the demand increases, the number of prospective teachers continues to drop. In 1920 more than 22 per cent of all college students were enrolled in teachers'

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colleges. By 1930 the percentage had slumped to 17. Today not more than 7 per cent of college students are preparing to teach. Of the million veterans who have flocked to the campus, only 20,000—2 per cent—are in teachers' colleges. At this rate of production, it will take ten years for the schools to turn out the 500,000 new teachers who will be needed in three years if even adequate standards are to be restored.

A glance at the tabulated salary figures in the Fine report go far to explain the crisis. The average weekly pay of teachers in the United States is $37.02 or $3.37 above the average wage rate for garbage collectors in the city of Washington. Driving a taxi affords a man a better living than educating the young, and in most states requires somewhat less extensive training. So does tending bar, as many teachers have come to know from practicing that profession in their off-hours. Detroit starts its dog-catchers at $2,485 a year, its teachers at $2,094. Below the national average the figures drop to appalling lows. Some 200,000 American teachers draw $25 a week for their services, and 10,000 get as little as $12.

It is no accident that the state that sends Rankin and Bilbo to Congress is the state that pays its educators an average of $15.47, less than a self-respecting office boy will accept in New York. The correlation is obvious: democracy cannot be made to work with an illiterate population.

The extreme gravity of the problem is beginning to penetrate the public consciousness, with action promised in thirty-two states. But the measures proposed are picayune in proportion to the need. California is in the vanguard of enlightenment with a proposal to establish a minimum of $2,400 a year for its teachers.

Naturally enough, teachers have been flocking into their trade unions, and in many cities militant action is in the offing. Albany legislators have been threatening dire penalties against teachers who strike, but the teachers, we believe, have the last word. They can always abandon the children and try lions or bears. After all, a second-grade zoo-keeper in New York starts at $2,100. The work, they say, is less demanding—and it appears to be more highly regarded.

Gamblers with Destiny

BY CARL LEVIN

Washington, February 15

RARELY have thinking men and women been so depressed by any development in Washington as they have been this week by the sordid fight against David E. Lilienthal's confirmation as chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission.

Sinister and unfair as is the fight against a man who has won national acclaim as a servant of the people, the storm now raging in Washington has more important implications. It is seen here as an assault against the entire commission, against the nationally enacted policy of civilian control, and against the painstaking effort of the United States to turn its new killer into a force for world peace and the enrichment of humanity. Other members of the commission feel that they will not be able to function in their great task if the Senate fails to hold out against the types of pressure being brought to bear against the chairman-designate.

How far the rejection of Lilienthal would set the United States back in atomic development when other nations are forging ahead was pointed out this week by Dr. Harold C. Urey, the Nobel prize winner who played a major role in the creation of the atomic bomb. Not even considering the possibility that the nation might lose the entire commission, he warned that if the chairmanship of the commission were changed at this time, atomic-energy work in the United States would be crippled for several years.

Last week the opposition, centered in the embittered senior Senator from Tennessee, had been like an easily excisable cancer in the body politic. It was expected to spread to a small handful of McKellar's Southern friends but not much farther. This week, however, to the amazement of men who thought it was under control, it came to the surface in places where it could well be fatal. Its seriousness now cannot be exaggerated, for it has infected the bulk of the leadership of the new Republican majority in the Senate. The opposition now includes majority leader White, Republican whip Wherry, Appropriations Committee Chairman Bridges, and Republicans Brewster, Moore, Kem, and Brooks, as well as McKellar Democrats like Overton of Louisiana, Pappy O'Daniel of Texas, and Stewart of Tennessee.

As this is written, the two leading Republican Senators are still silent. Robert A. Taft, chairman of the party's Senate policy and steering committees, is apparently in the McKellar camp, though he has not openly taken a stand. Arthur H. Vandenberg, president *pro tempore* of the Senate and chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, has shown repugnance for the bigotry with which his colleagues have aligned themselves. By the position these two men take the nation and the world will know whether the Republican Party intends to use its new power to wreck efficient, strong-handed control and development of atomic energy, which can make or break the world, or whether under Republican control, Congress is

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to remain responsive to the will of the people and serve the people's interests. Already the Republican leadership has rendered the nation a supreme disservice by dragging a matter of such transcending importance as atomic energy through the mire of partisan politics. It is doubtful whether any commission now confirmed will ever get rid of the stains.

Caricature by Seligson
Senator McKellar

It was perhaps naive to suppose that the fight was over when last year's prolonged controversy over military versus civilian control ended with Congressional and Presidential approval of a strong civilian bill. Last October, when President Truman named the commission after a difficult three months' quest for the five best men to do the job, his selections received practically unanimous support from the people and the respectable press, but between then and now pressures have been brought to bear which have caused some queer flipflops. Consult, for example, the files of Cissy Patterson's Washington *Times-Herald*. This week the *Times-Herald* found editorially that "the reasons why Mr. Lilienthal is not the man to command the atom bomb are plain." But on October 29 the *Times-Herald* expressed strong approval of Mr. Lilienthal's appointment. In an editorial also printed in the New York *Daily News* it said:

> The nomination looks good to us, on the strength of Lilienthal's record. He is the man who has been in charge of the Tennessee Valley Authority for the last thirteen years. In that job Lilienthal could have yielded to the ambitions of Senator Kenneth McKellar (D., Tenn.) to turn the TVA into a big patronage machine for the political welfare of McKellar. Or Lilienthal could have knuckled under to a horde of idealists, doctrinaires, Socialists, and Communists who have long wanted to use the TVA, primarily as a device for hurrying this country toward collectivism. Lilienthal did neither of these things. He has run TVA on business-like principles, thereby thwarting the radicals, and he has kept it from becoming a political football, to the great and continuing rage of Senator McKellar, who says he will fight this nomination. We need a man of Lilienthal's character to head the Atomic Commission. He is further recommended by the fact that he led the group which got out the atomic-energy report utilized by Bernard M. Baruch in formulating the Baruch plan for eventual international control of atomic energy and development. The Baruch plan is the one the Russians don't like. . . . With a Baruch plan sympathizer as chairman of the Atomic Commission, we should be much safer for the next few years than if the chairman was a Wallace-minded gent. . . . All in all, we don't know of anybody we'd rather have seen nominated to this enormously important post than Lilienthal.

When the joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee opened its hearings on the fitness of Mr. Lilienthal and his associates, McKellar, of course, although not a member of the committee, was there to press his fight. Lilienthal, he insisted, was a Communist, notwithstanding the testimony of those arch-foes of communism, the *Times-Herald* and the *News*. The first surprise came when the committee began to press the chairman-designate on his interpretation of the relation between the commission and its military-liaison committee. Had he sought the help of Major General Leslie R. Groves, war-time commander of the War Department's Manhattan District, since the commission, under interim appointment, took over the Manhattan District's functions and facilities on January 1, pursuant to the law? Did he intend to allow members of the military-liaison committee to sit in on all meetings of the commission? One did not have to be a shrewd analyst of the Washington scene to see where the committee members obtained the information reflected in their questions. The military obviously was still at it, although, as it was later shown, without the approval or support of Secretary of War Patterson. It may have been more than a coincidence that at the same time General Groves, who had retired entirely from the atomic picture, was quietly being worked back, as an unheralded replacement for another army representative on the military-liaison committee, and also, with bigger things in view, as a member of a new army-navy atomic board now in the formative stage. Was he being prepared for a possible call to head the commission, which Congress had decided was to be civilian?

That was only the start. The hearings were but a few days old when the bigoted isolationist fringe started packing the hearing room and bombarding members of Congress with denunciations of members of the commission. They even managed to get one of their firebrands into the witness stand.

More subtle and self-effacing but working hard in the background are the power and oil interests. They are afraid Mr. Lilienthal will not turn over atomic power to them soon enough and that he might not be as free as some army officers or weaker administrators with atomic patents vested by Congress in the new commission.

Finally the Republican leadership in the Senate swung into action. Senator Bridges of New Hampshire got out the first statement. He would oppose Mr. Lilienthal because Senator McKellar's venom had exposed the Chair-

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man-designate to suspicion; no man under suspicion should be confirmed to the high position. Moreover, the Senator said, Lilienthal was an "extreme New Dealer." Senator Taft told newspapermen he agreed with Senator Bridges.

The steady outpouring of Republican statements all during the week reached a climax when Senator Brooks of Illinois spoke. He set forth a new concept of American justice. "No man . . . accused of encouraging or condoning Communists and communism should be placed in this important position," he declared.

A worried Republican leadership, however, tried desperately to channel the party's opposition away from the Communist issue and to define it clearly as stemming primarily from dissatisfaction with Mr. Lilienthal's "dictatorial tactics," his lack of respect for Congress, and the belief that such important jobs should no longer go to New Dealers.

Is the Republican leadership expressing the will of the people? Secretary of War Patterson has said it is not; Bernard M. Baruch, President Conant of Harvard, Dr. Compton, Dr. Vannevar Bush, Dr. John Sloan Dickey, president of Dartmouth, have all testified that it is not. The Catholic Committee of the South, which last year named Mr. Lilienthal its "man of the year," and which is not given to supporting Communists, has spoken in Lilienthal's favor for all Roman Catholics in the South. The American Farm Bureau Federation, representing more than 1,100,000 farm families, has taken the same stand. So have the Congress of Industrial Organizations, the Southern Regional Council, the Union Theological Seminary, and spokesmen for numberless institutions and organizations.

But McKellar says Lilienthal shall not be confirmed. He is joined by two or three disgruntled former TVA employees, by a Birmingham police detective, by the bigots and isolationists, and by the unseen power and oil lobbies.

The Republican Party, holding the power in the chamber which must confirm the nominees, will judge whether they or their opponents are the more representative Americans. On this judgment it must stand or fall.

Britain's Emergency

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

London, February 10

CANUTE, impotent, confronted by a rising tide of political and economic troubles, calling for aid not upon his own divided courtiers but on those of another king—such is the picture of Mr. Attlee which is being sedulously spread about by Conservative headquarters and the faithful columnists of the Tory press. Inspired as they are by the Opposition's desire to discredit the Labor government, to whose "indecisions and doctrinaire intransigence" everything from world food shortages to the arctic weather and the electricity shutdown is ascribed, current rumors of a coming National Coalition might be summarily dismissed as Tory wish-fulfilment or just plain nonsense. Indeed, at the moment there is no shadow of evidence that Mr. Attlee or any of his colleagues has yet given a moment's serious thought to such a political expedient. Nevertheless, tongues have been set wagging; and the coalition hypothesis has even become the subject of widespread speculative discussion within Labor. It seems worth while, therefore, to try to discover the basis of the conception. Under what conceivable circumstances could Mr. Attlee be persuaded to invite the history of 1931 to repeat itself —especially since he enjoys in Parliament the overwhelming majority denied to Ramsay MacDonald?

To this question one answer is the supposition that there might arise within the ranks of the parliamentary Labor Party a rebellion on foreign policy so serious that the government would be threatened with actual defeat in the House. As matters stand, there are no signs of such a situation. The critics of Ernest Bevin, who now number about 150 recalcitrants, are by no means appeased. They adhere as strongly as ever to their opinion that, at the cost of making Britain embarrassingly dependent on the military and material resources of the United States, the Foreign Secretary is pursuing a conventionally imperialist policy which Britain cannot afford. They blame Mr. Bevin bitterly for the part he has played in the latest discussions on Palestine with the Jewish and Arab delegations in London. It is an open secret that when the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Creech Jones, evolved, and actually sounded the Jewish representatives on, a plan whereby, under a continuing British mandate, a semi-autonomous Jewish province would have an unrestricted right to accept immigrants and would be entitled to vote itself out of a partitioned Palestine in five years' time, the proposal was brusquely and publicly disavowed by the Foreign Secretary. On his insistence the Cabinet, moved by his plea that military considerations forbade any action likely to alienate the Arab states, finally in-

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dorsed the quite unacceptable plea for a patchwork quilt of demi-semi-autonomous areas, with immigration limited to 96,000 in two years and no ultimate goal of independence in sight. But though the rebels constitute a guerrilla fringe ready to snipe at the Cabinet on all suitable occasions, they have not the power, much less the intention, to create a serious parliamentary crisis.

This being so, the only question which merits attention is whether the inevitable economic crisis is likely to be of a severity which might persuade Mr. Attlee that only a National Government on the lines of the war-time coalition, but with the internal balance of power shifted, naturally, in Labor's favor, could cope with it. How imminent is the crisis? Here the views of economists differ. Some hold that last year's rate of drawing on the dollar loan need not be exceeded and that, on this assumption, the loan can be relied on as an adequate cushion against the impact of crisis until the summer of 1949. Others, less sanguine, forecast increasing drafts on the loan from now on. Britain's exports, they argue—apart from the temporarily catastrophic effects of the electric shut-down—are likely to fall in 1947 and still more in 1948, partly through shortage of raw materials and partly through increasing American competition. Some portion, at least, of the sterling balances due to India, Egypt, and other British creditors will have to be unblocked in freely convertible currency. The dollar requirements of the British zone of Germany are another heavy commitment. And there is the further danger that if, as these economists expect, opinion abroad comes round to the view that sterling will have to be devalued as a stimulus to exports, purchasers abroad will hold off placing contracts for British goods until the price in foreign currency becomes cheaper. All these expectations add up to the conclusion that by the end of this year Britain's balance of payments will be so out of gear and its stock of dollars so diminished that even if all imports of non-essentials are cut to the bone, unemployment may loom as the result of failure to obtain raw materials.

Emanuel Shinwell, British Fuel Minister
As seen by Oscar Berger

The date of the crisis does not perhaps bear on Mr. Attlee's probable attitude toward inviting the Tories to form a coalition. This would obviously depend upon his weighing of a set of fairly obvious factors. On the one hand, it is suggested, he might be tempted toward a coalition not only by the electoral advantage of getting the Tory leadership to share the responsibility for a further dose of unpleasant austerity in the shape of curtailed supplies of American films, tobacco, and so forth, but also by the knowledge that the government's task in calling for a really national effort to meet the emergency would be enormously facilitated if it had the entire press with it; and that would be possible only for a coalition government. On the other hand, he would have to face the fact that a coalition could be formed only on terms. As the price of their support the Tories would certainly insist that there should be no more instalments of nationalization; the present experiment of socialization by slow degrees would have to be put into cold storage. This would split the Labor movement from head to heel: the rank and file would be unable to understand how a government with a socialist mandate and an overwhelming majority could feel obliged to come to terms with the enemy. Mr. Attlee would deal his party a blow even more deadly than that delivered by Ramsay MacDonald in 1931.

This analysis of the coalition hypothesis leads most observers who are friendly to the government to the conclusion that Britain would have to face an economic crisis much more violent than anything yet foreseen before the desperate expedient of a National Government could be seriously considered. The real question today is whether the next White Paper, scheduled for publication shortly, will contain sufficiently concrete proposals. The goal, increased production, is clear enough; that was stated forthrightly, albeit in general terms, by the first White Paper, published last month. But it is widely known that the Cabinet is by no means of one mind on how production is to be increased. By cutting down the armed forces and other services so as to release more pairs of hands for civilian industry? This would involve a radical modification of British foreign policy, to which Ernest Bevin, who still dominates the Cabinet by his personality, and Mr. Alexander, Minister of Defense, are resolutely opposed. By importing foreign labor on a large scale? Against this solution Mr. Isaacs, Minister of Labor, adduces strong opposition from the Trades Union Congress; Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, is believed to be arguing against a large infiltration of "aliens" on political grounds. The housing situation offers another difficulty, even if politically desirable entrants possessing trade skills could be found. Higher wages and greater mechanization in the unpopular and backward industries? Mechanization will take time—only a sadly small 5 per cent of the dollar loan has so far been spent on importing machinery; and higher wages, unless rates in other industries can be frozen, a difficult

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thing to put over, contain an inconvenient inflationary threat.

There remain two possible courses of action. One is that the government resolutely ignore popular objections to cutting down all non-essential imports and reduce the already meager British rationing scales. The other is that Britain give notice now that it is compelled by *force majeure* to admit its inability to honor the obligations of the dollar-loan agreement with regard to multilateral trading and methods of seeking a settlement with its sterling creditors. For the Cabinet neither of these courses is attractive. Already it is clear that the Tory press is succeeding to some extent in discrediting the government with its continuous references to it as the "architect of austerity," and it will be much more difficult now to call for further tightening of belts than it would have been when the American loan was being argued.

As for admitting British inability to carry out the terms of the loan, "repudiation" is an ugly word and quite a sizable section of the Cabinet still believes that Britain must continue indefinitely to rely on American aid. The belief is therefore growing that the White Paper will reflect the Cabinet's reluctance to make up its mind and that it will take refuge once again in somewhat nebulous appeals to the country to "do more." That the country is prepared to do, but it wants to have the lines of action—Socialist lines it hopes—clearly marked out. The dog must be shown the rabbit.

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The effect of the present acute freeze-up, which has created chaos in transport and paralyzed industry, has been the complete disappearance of coalition rumors from the pages of the Tory press. The explanation is probably that the Tory leadership has realized that the immediate reaction to the crisis in the Labor movement has been a visible strengthening of the left-inclined elements in both the party and the unions. There has been some criticism of Attlee for undue delay in broadcasting the facts to the country, but the only serious complaint from Labor is that the Cabinet, which knew the coal-stock situation last summer, failed to face up to the unpopular but essential task of restricting non-essential trades. The consensus of Labor opinion is that the temporary emergency caused by the weather proves that the underlying crisis in production and balance of payments can be solved by nothing less than socialism. Significantly enough, the initial inclination of the Cabinet to yield to Tory newspaper pressure and sack Shinwell evoked violent protests from the miners and other militant unions. Hence, shrewdly inferring that a coalition move would be repudiated by a large section of the Labor Party, capable ultimately of capturing the party leadership and launching a definitively Socialist program of economic reconstruction, the Tories have pigeonholed the coalition idea. They are not inclined to upset a gradualist Cabinet at the cost of swinging Labor farther left.

A Faith to Live By

I. THE DILEMMA OF MODERN MAN

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

WE ARE living in an age in which our social and historical imperatives may be fairly simply defined but not easily achieved. Our task is to create and re-create community within the terms set by a technical civilization. The constant elaboration of man's technical skills has created a potential world community, but this community cannot be actualized as easily as modern men had hoped. The same technical skills have created abundance in modern industrial communities; yet these communities all suffer from great social insecurity because they find it difficult to distribute the new wealth equitably enough to guarantee harmony and stability.

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In such a historical situation the average person still interprets the faith by which he lives primarily in socio-political terms. He has faith in this or that social objective. Usually in the United States and in the Western world generally the objective is defined as "the democratic way of life." I do not believe that such a purely political objective constitutes an adequate "faith." It may define our primary moral obligation, or at least the social dimension of that obligation, but it does not define the meaning of our existence. Any adequate sense of the meaning of life must be able to comprehend not only what we ought to do but what we are. It must explain why we are creatures who do not find it easy, or even possible, to fulfil our highest obligation.

At the present moment the popular definition of our political ideal as the "democratic way of life" hides a very great dilemma, which is also a part of the total

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human situation. For the world is divided between different types of "democrats," between those who would sacrifice freedom, or have already sacrificed it, for the sake of an equalitarian and collectivist democracy and those who would make no sacrifice of any freedom in the interest of justice. In the international community this cleavage may result in a world conflict between two cohorts of world-savers holding contradictory views of democracy. In national communities it may still lead to the most tragic internecine conflicts. The truth obviously lies somewhere between these two creeds; but it is difficult to find, precisely because political creeds have been invested with a religious aura by a supposedly irreligious age. This whole development rather refutes John Dewey's hope, expressed some years ago in his "Common Faith," that men of good-will would agree on social and moral objectives, once modern culture had dissolved the irrelevant loyalties of historical religions. We have, as Americans, a particularly embarrassing position in this debate or conflict between contradictory conceptions of democracy. For America in general, and the American plutocracy in particular, has a more uncritical confidence in the organic relation between "free enterprise" and democracy than any other nation; and this type of bigotry may do more damage to the world community and the cause of justice than any religious bigotry ever did.

PROGRESS NOT REDEMPTIVE

Even if this contradiction in the definition of our democratic objectives did not exist, it would still be impossible to define the meaning of human existence purely in terms of some social and political objective—partly because no human life can be completely contained within the bounds of the social and historical dimension of life, and partly because we do not either individually or collectively move as easily or surely toward ideal goals as past generations have assumed. Our age is secular, either non-Christian or anti-Christian, in the main outlines of its basic creed. It has disavowed the historical religious faiths partly because their symbols seem outmoded in an age of science but chiefly because modern men find the tragic view of life implicit in religion unacceptable and the old theories of redemption irrelevant. A message of redemption which offered men and nations life only through death and declared that men could be saved only through repentance seemed completely irrelevant to an age which saw history moving forward to ever more impressive elaborations of human power and freedom. There was nothing the matter with human life which historical growth could not cure.

The implicit faith of the past two centuries has hardly prepared us for the kind of frustration through which we must live in the next century or two. For we have been given the task of creating community in larger dimensions than any one or two centuries can accomplish. The frustrations of our age become pathetic rather than tragic when we have no means of either anticipating or comprehending the character of our present experiences. The one unifying element in all strands of modern culture was the idea of progress. We had faith in a redemptive history. This faith, which supposedly made all other interpretations of life completely incredible, is now progressively disclosing itself as the most incredible of all interpretations of life. This refutation of the culture of modern man by contemporary history may be regarded as the real spiritual crisis of our day.

When the atomic bomb fell upon Hiroshima it brought more than one chapter in both political and cultural history to a symbolic conclusion. It particularly concluded that chapter of Western spiritual history, beginning in the Renaissance, which regarded history as a kind of God and time as a kind of Christ. It was an age which assumed that technical progress, which continually increased man's power over nature and freedom from natural limitations, would inevitably contribute to human welfare and happiness. It was an age which assumed that man's increased mobility and the wider range of his eyes, ears, and voice, transfigured by microscope and telescope, telegraph and radio, would inevitably lead to the enlargement of the human community. Actually mechanical advances have only created a potential, and not an actual, world community, and have meanwhile destroyed many of the organic forms of community which gave life sanity and stability in older cultures.

We have had to learn that history is neither a God nor a redeemer. The real fact is that while history solves many problems, it aggravates rather than mitigates the basic incongruities of human existence. Man is a finite and contingent creature, with some sense of universal value transcending his own existence but unfortunately inclined to endow the contingent values of his life or culture, of his truth or loyalty, with an absolute significance which it does not deserve. He thereby finds community with his fellow-men as difficult as it is necessary; particularly since his fellow-men are engaged in the same idolatrous process. Man can neither live alone, not being self-sufficient, nor easily come to terms with his fellow-men. The same instruments which extend the range of possible community also extend the range of man's impulse to domination over his fellows. Thus history pitches the drama of life on continually higher levels, but the essentials of the drama remain the same.

THE ILLUSION OF "SCIENTIFIC" POLITICS

The fact that history is endlessly creative but not redemptive might have been more apparent to modern man had it not been for another illusion in modern culture. This other illusion is closely related to the idea of progress and is indeed frequently the basis for it. It is the illusion that the so-called "methods of science" or "im-

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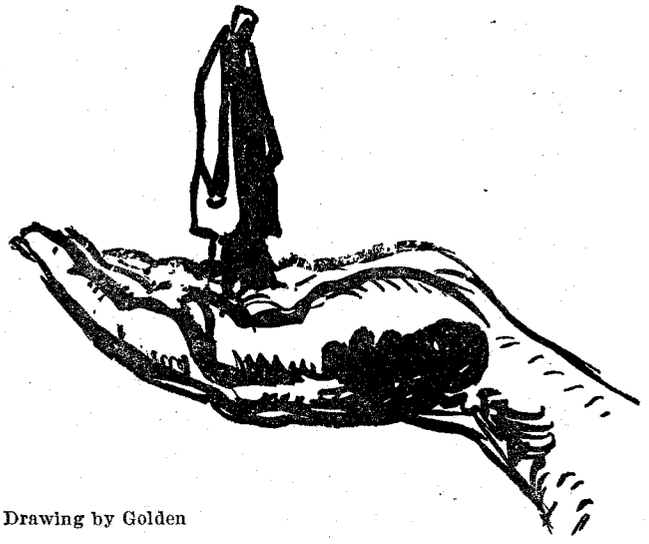
partial scientific inquiry" or "scientific objectivity" are actually the instruments by which mankind rises to higher and higher degrees of perfection. There are forms of the idea of progress which trust primarily in the extension of the evolutionary process of biology into the realm of history. But more frequently historical progress is assumed to depend upon the ability of man gradually to rise from his position as a creature of natural and historical forces to become their master. The instrument by which this is to be accomplished is science. By scientific impartiality man presumably rises from finite to universal perspectives, from interested to disinterested appraisal of problems of justice, from prejudice and passion to god-like serenity and impartiality. Science will not only unlock the mysteries of existence which have remained closed to the poetic and religious imagination and to the speculations of philosophy but will redeem man from the fragmentary and partial character of his life and actions and guarantee actions of universal validity.

Sometimes it is assumed that the methods of science will make men moral merely by making them rational. Sometimes it is believed that science should be used to control the dark and irrational forces in human nature, "that the same science which has altered the face of nature can change the habits of men." Sometimes the continued egotism and irrationality of individuals are assumed, but it is believed that a "scientific" politics will be able to manage social forces as readily as man now manages the forces of nature. The end product of these illusions is the type of rationalism which dreams of setting up a world government containing scientifically tested constitutional instruments for equilibrating all the vitalities of a community of nations and for arbitrating or, if necessary, suppressing every political conflict.

A simple fact has been obscured by this cult of redemption through science. Man is a creature whose rational and vital processes are in organic unity, and there is no "scientific method" by which he can escape from the hopes, fears, ambitions, and anxieties of his own individual existence or those of his nation, civilization, or ethnic group. In all problems pertaining to the security or the meaning of his own life or the justice of his conflict with some competing life or vitality, he is never the disinterested observer but an interested participant. In so far as impartiality is possible, it is a moral and religious as much as a scientific achievement. A contrite recognition of the interested character of our views and actions must always lie behind the achievement of relative disinterestedness. The achievement involves the whole of the personality and is therefore not purely intellectual or scientific.

Modern culture has wittingly or unwittingly followed the thought of Comte, who believed that the history of the world could be divided into three ages—the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific—and who saw the possibility of solving all human problems in the third and final stage of human development by the application of the scientific method to man's social existence. Actually the ability of science to achieve impartial and universally valid judgments rests partly upon the sharply circumscribed fields of inquiry in which science looks for causal relations and partly upon the fact that a natural science, which investigates the determined sequences of nature, is under no temptation to weigh evidence or make hazardous judgments on such imponderables as human motives.

But the wider the field of inquiry becomes, the more plainly will even the natural sciences betray themselves



Drawing by Golden

to be under the guidance of presuppositions, implicit or explicit metaphysical assumptions, which are not the consequence but the basis of the inquiry. If it is historical rather than biological or geological sequence which is under inquiry, there is no strictly "scientific" method of judging the motives which prompt human actions or of comparing competing vitalities in history. Every judgment of fact is also a value judgment, presupposing a norm. The norm is itself historically conditioned, and the application of the norm to the stuff of history is twice conditioned.

This fact does not invalidate the social and historical sciences or prove that they ought to be reduced to statistical proportions in order to become purer sciences. Both the logical and the analytical powers of reason remain instruments by which partial and particular points of view are corrected, and the whole stuff of historical reality is brought under examination. We must continue to seek to understand what things are and how they came to be what they are in history as well as in nature. But there is no magic in either logic or the scientific method which will coerce men or nations to subordinate the particular to the universal interest or to correct the partial by a more universal insight. Reason in history remains permanently ambiguous, being both the servant and the master of all of history's vitalities.

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HISTORY A VITAL, NOT A RATIONAL, PROCESS

There is, for instance, no "scientific method" which could guarantee that statesmen who must deal with the social and political consequences of atomic energy could arrive at the kind of "universal mind" which operated in the discovery of atomic energy. Statesmen who deal with this problem will betray "British," "American," or "Russian" bias, not because they are less intelligent than the scientists but because they are forced to approach the issue in terms of their responsibility to their respective nations. Their formulation of a solution is intimately and organically related to the hopes, fears, and ambitions of nations. They must deal with history as a vital and not a rational process. As a vital process it is always something less and something more than reason. It is less than rational in so far as the power impulses of nations express themselves as inexorably as the force of a stampeding herd of cattle. It is something more than rational in so far as human beings have aspirations and loyalties transcending both impulse and prudence. Man is a heaven-storming creature whose highest ideals are curiously compounded with his immediate and mundane interests. The Marxist dream of a universal classless society, mixed with the power impulses of a Russian state and the anxieties of a precarious dictatorship, is a nice symbol of what historical reality is like. Our so-called democratic world is a little more rational; but the mixture of democratic idealism and the quest for profits of a vast American economic machine must be almost as bewildering to the outside observer as the Russian mixture.

The collective mixtures of ideals and interests are more vivid than individual expressions of human spirituality, but every individual life is governed less by prudence and rationality and more by what lies below the level of reason and rises above the level of rational calculation than a scientific culture understands. One may be grateful for the fact that poets and novelists continued to bear testimony to these dimensions of life even in a scientific age, if they dealt at all authentically with the human scene. Because man in his grandeur and in his misery, in his high aspirations and in their egoistic corruption, is and always will be a more complex creature than modern culture has understood, his history is more tragic and his redemption from self-seeking, whether individual or collective, more difficult and always less final than we have assumed.

Old cultures and civilizations, reigning oligarchies and traditional social systems and structures do not quietly yield to the logic of a new historical development. They refuse to die in bed. They take the field, ostensibly to defend their "ideals" against some new barbarism, but also to preserve established interests against new vitalities. That is why we must march through any number of world wars before we can achieve world community; and why the world community which is within the grasp of human powers will be less stable and secure than our calculating world planners can realize. History presents us with constantly enlarged responsibilities. We must meet these responsibilities if we would remain human. The Nazis have shown us the perverse consequences of any effort to turn the clock back and "return to the womb" of tribal primitivism. We must move on. But there are neither securities nor fulfilments in history in which the heart can rest.

FULFILMENT ONLY THROUGH FAITH

Since we are free spirits who transcend the historical process, as well as creatures who are involved in it, we crave for some ultimate security and fulfilment. But since history remains as fragmentary and as full of contradictions as our individual life-adventures, we can have such security and fulfilment only in an ultimate sense and only by faith. The kind of faith which adequately completes the temple of meaning will also reveal that our own egotism, and that of our nation, and not merely the egotism of competitor or foe is responsible for the tragic aspects of history. Thus contrition and faith go hand in hand.

In Christian piety the devout soul always beholds itself in a double relation to Christ. The perfect love, of which the Cross is the symbol, is regarded as the final norm of human goodness and defines what man ought to be. But man also knows himself to be the crucifier of the Christ. This expresses our understanding of the fact that life can only be brought to completion by a love in which the self is not concerned for itself but only for its fellows. But we also know that as individuals and as groups we seek our own. The justice we have achieved in history is a compromise between these two impulses; and the compromise is not achieved simply by calculation and prudence. Such pity and mercy as are insinuated into the cruelties and inhumanities of human life are the fruits of the contrition, which recognizes that the egotism we abhor in others is in us also. Fanaticism is always the product of self-righteousness. Religion has produced as much fanaticism as contrition, because religion is never a good force per se, but merely the final conflict between human self-esteem and divine mercy. And the one is as frequently victorious as the other.

A secular age imagined that it could exorcise fanaticism by disavowing religion. But an age which prides itself upon its scientific objectivity has actually sunk to new levels of cruelty, for the man who knows himself to be absolutely right through the benefit of science is as cruel as those who achieved this fanaticism by religious revelation. Not only Marxist fanatics are involved in the cruelties of our age, but democratic idealists also. The ancients were certainly not more merciless to their foes than we; no one has been so merciless to a vanquished foe as we since the Assyrians. We are pitiless because we do not know ourselves to be pitiable.

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A secular age thought it would be sufficient to disavow the other-worldliness of religion in order to achieve a consistent and humane sense of responsibility for the commonweal. But the disavowal of an incredible heaven led to the avowal of incredible utopias; incredible because they defined an unconditioned good amid the conditions of nature history. This persistent utopianism has generated fanatical furies of our day, for if the heaven of a classless society could be established on earth, would it be worth the price which the Communists are ready to pay? It is also responsible for the alternate fits of illusion and disillusion which distract us from our historic responsibilities.

Life is never completed, either individually or collectively; and it is never completely freed from chaos or from contradictions to its essential meaning. An adequate faith must understand this quality of life; but that is impossible without an explicit or implicit belief that a divine mercy can complete what we cannot complete. Such a faith may of course be corrupted and may beguile men from their pressing responsibilities; but the alternative secular idealism also leads to deep corruptions. It tempts men to seek in others, and never in themselves, the root of human misery. And if they finally find it in themselves, their optimism gives way to despair. The mood of this century compared with the optimism of the nineteenth century looks very much like the despair which all false optimism generates. Perhaps it is significant for the spirituality of our day that one of the most brilliant journals in our nation runs utopian editorials championing world government on its editorial pages, and fills most of the other pages with little bits of fiction and descriptions of contemporary life, the unifying mood of which is a pitiless honesty in the dissection of human motives that hovers continually on the very brink of complete cynicism.

"Let the People Eat Chops"

BY G. E. R. GEDYE

Bucharest, Rumania

THE night after I arrived in Bucharest I was awakened at 2 a.m. by a knocking on the door of my room in the Athenee Palace, the leading and only clean hotel in the capital. The night porter came in full of apologies, carrying the shoes which I had put outside the door. "Ring in the morning for them to be cleaned," he said, "but don't leave them out overnight if you want to see them again."

For breakfast I was given almost uneatable dark bread made largely of maize flour, a pale fluid brewed apparently from blackberry leaves, and a glutinous cube of jam substitute—but also as many fresh eggs as I wanted and a plateful of cold ham. For lunch I was offered a choice of such delicacies as pâté de foie gras, grilled mushrooms, and woodcock, with huge pork chops or beefsteak to follow. But there were no vegetables or salads. When I asked for beer, the waiter was amused—Rumanian breweries had seen no barley for months. But drinkable wine was cheap and abundant.

It was not, of course, a new experience in liberated Europe to find luxuries available for people with foreign currency—and for the rich—while the masses were near starvation. Budapest, before the introduction of the new currency, was the classic example of a city in which such conditions obtained, despite the fact that the Communist Party controlled the government. The peculiar characteristic of Bucharest is the increasing scarcity—even for the rich—of some products combined with the temporary abundance of others. A hotel can serve Lucullan meals but no good bread, tea, or vegetables. And one must watch one's shoes. Rumania's economic set-up almost makes sense of Marie Antoinette's advice to the populace starving for bread—"Why don't they eat cake?" Lacking bread, cheese, and beer, the people of Bucharest today might well try pork chops and wine.

Food difficulties arose for the first time in the history of this fertile land when war reached its territory in August, 1944, and it was obliged to feed the Red Army and then, under the armistice convention, to send food to Russia. But the present crisis is primarily the result of the past two years of unexampled drought. Meat and poultry are abundant because the drought burned up the crops and left the country almost devoid of fodder. The soil was so parched that only a quarter of the autumn sowing was possible. Often the starving peasants used their scanty issues of seed to make bread. No sugar has been issued since April, and sugar on the black market costs nearly $4 a kilo. Many districts go without their ration of bread for two or three days and then get no back rations.

Bread on the black market costs about 40 cents a loaf, six times the price of rationed bread; this is a day's wages for a well-paid charwoman. Jassy was recently

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without any bread at all, rationed or black market, for ten days running. Similar conditions prevail in most towns and villages in Moldavia. Some of the peasants still have wheat and maize that they hoarded for their own use. Others crowd into Bucharest in search of food. An acquaintance told me of two young men who asked him for work but whom he found to be too weak from starvation even to lift a bed that he wanted shifted. In this country of forests there is a great shortage of wood for fuel owing to lack of transport. To heat a single stove throughout the winter with wood bought on the black market costs $26.

Estimating the real value of wages is complicated by a system of canteens—"Economat"—at which people in employment can buy essential foods at minimum prices. Without them the workers simply could not eat during the present wild inflation. The day I reached Rumania the pound sterling was valued at 165,000 lei; a fortnight later it stood at 208,000 lei. Averaging out the exchanges, an unskilled worker earns about $7 a month, a skilled worker $10 to $12; both get in addition one pair of boots and one suit of overalls a year. A commercial clerk earns about $16, a civil servant even less than an unskilled worker, a magistrate or a schoolteacher a little under $18 a month. All have access to their "Economat," where prices are very low. If his family is to be properly nourished, a married civil servant needs to spend practically his whole pay on food and has almost nothing left over for rent, fuel, and clothing. The way out for him is the classic Rumanian one—"baksheesh," corruption. Since the government came to power in March, 1945, it has done nothing toward accomplishing the first point on its program—reduction of the cost of living and abolition of profiteering and the black market.

Russian reparation claims are of course a heavy burden on the country's economy. The Rumanian army was responsible for much destruction, not all of which was "legitimate" war damage. Naturally there is a heavy bill to pay; $875,000,000 had been paid by April, 1946. But reparations obligations constitute only one of the ways in which the Rumanian economy is under tribute to Russia. The cost to the country of its subsequent participation in the last phases of the war against Nazi Germany is estimated at $302,000,000. Reserves of livestock have been reduced by 131,000 horses, 137,000 head of cattle, 528,000 sheep, and 122,000 pigs. Nearly 50 per cent of the motor vehicles in Rumania have been handed over to Russia.

From 80 to 85 per cent of the country's sea, inland-waterway, and overland transport is now working exclusively in Russian interests—commercially, on reparations deliveries, or for the Red Army. Rumania is practically cut off from any trade with the West; it is estimated that in 1945 over 90 per cent of its exports went to Russia, and the proportion today is still very high. According to Rumanian oil experts, 3,471,000 out of 3,525,000 tons of oil went to Russia in a single month, either as reparations or exports. The output of foreign oil companies is treated in the same way: part is taken as reparations, part as exports. The compensation paid by the Rumanian government in inflated lei is so low that representatives of foreign concerns say they will be bankrupt in two years. One would expect foreign oil men to be incensed by the export of their oil to the Soviets, but there seems to be considerable foundation for their complaint that their companies are being bankrupted so that they can be acquired later by Soviet-Rumanian concerns.

Soviet-Rumanian trusts already dominate the economic life of the country. "Sovrombank" is a vast financial concern to which Rumanian banks have contributed their share capital and Russia the formerly German shares which it obtained after the armistice. By last summer some 50 per cent of Rumanian banking was in the hands of "Sovrombank." Russian oil interests are handled by "Sovrompetrol," through which, it was expected, Russia could control one-third of the country's total oil reserves of 6,500,000 tons. If the Belgian and French companies, however, are given back the share they claim under the Teheran agreement, the Soviet Union will control only 12 per cent.

"Sovromtransport" owns all the installations in the principal ports—Constanza, Braila, Galatz, and Giurgiu—and has a thirty years' lease of nearly all quays and wharves. The four principal shipyards of Rumania are leased by "Sovromtransport." It controls all Rumania's Danube shipping which was not ceded to Russia as reparation. Rumania is thus dependent on "Sovromtransport" for economic relations with other Danubian states. Road transport is largely controlled by a subsidiary of "Sovromtransport." "Tars," the Soviet-Rumanian civil airlines monopoly—its chairman is a Russian citizen—will hold all Rumanian civil airfields for the next thirty years. No foreign airline may use Rumanian airports without the consent of "Tars." The Rumanian government is under an obligation to grant to "Tars" sites for any new airfields which may be demanded. As to rail transport, the rolling stock of the Rumanian state railways has been divided as follows: 535 engines and 4,800 trucks ceded to the Soviets; 1,855 engines and 27,258 trucks left with Rumania. From the armistice to April, 1946, 80 per cent of all railroad transportation served Russia's interests. "Sovromlemn" controls 25 per cent of Rumania's timber production; the Red Army absorbs another 30 per cent. On "Sovromlemn's" board of directors are seven Soviet citizens nominated by Russia, four Rumanian citizens nominated by Rumania, one Hungarian, and two representatives of private Rumanian concerns.

Rumanian business circles reckon that if things go on as at present, within six years the Rumanian economy will have been practically absorbed into the Soviet system.

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The Spanish Republican Crisis

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, February 13

THE Spanish Republican crisis precipitated by Prime Minister Giral's resignation has been brought to an unexpected and dangerous climax. The choice of Rodolfo Llopis as head of the new government can benefit only Franco. Llopis is secretary of the Toulouse Socialist group and until now has been known for his capitulationist leanings. The Cabinet he has announced is in every respect weaker than the Giral Cabinet, itself no model of strength. The main weakness of Giral's government was the presence in it of two ministers representing the Prieto position—in favor of the dissolution of Republican parliamentary institutions to clear the way for a plebiscite that at best would result in a reactionary Franquist regime only without Franco. It was illogical and confusing to bring diametrically opposed forces—the resistance and the capitulation—together in the same Cabinet; but at least in Giral's Cabinet the Prietist ministers, De Francisco and Trifon Gomez, were in the minority. Now the minority has become the majority and controls the government. This incredible situation could arise only in an "emigration" where the normal discipline exercised on parties and organizations by popular opinion is non-existent and a handful of unscrupulous politicians can settle a crisis according to their own selfish interests. These men work as they please in a kind of dark chamber hermetically sealed off from the Spanish masses, for whose feelings they have little regard.

The crisis began with the resignation of Prieto's two ministers. When discussions opened on a new Cabinet, all parties and groups except of course the Prietists expressed themselves in favor of at once forming a strong government on a broad foundation. Indeed, their position was stated in such unequivocal terms that the Right Socialists, who advocated outright dissolution, were compelled to change their tactics; now they too declared they wanted to continue the Republican institutions. Obviously they were hoping to obtain a victory on two fronts. Outside the government Prieto would continue his propaganda against the Republic; inside they would intensify their fifth-column activities, especially if they succeeded in capturing the premiership.

Confronted with these double-crossing tactics, the true Republicans to a man urged President Martínez Barrio to form a representative Republican Cabinet. At no point was it a question of imposing one leader as against another; of insisting, for example, on a Cabinet headed by Negrín that would give new life and impetus to the entire Republican movement. On the contrary. Since Negrín is unpopular with the old-line politicians because he represents the very antithesis of their cacique philosophy, the Republicans were ready even to throw their support to Barcia if he would agree to resolve the crisis by rallying around him the representatives of the resistance and not of capitulation. The President was informed that on this basis all groups, including those who had refused to participate in the Giral government, were willing to join the new Cabinet and share its responsibilities.

En route to Paris I had stopped in London to see Negrín. His attitude was that at all costs the formation of such a Cabinet must be facilitated. He asked his own group not to advance his name for the premiership.

Martínez Barrio had an opportunity to choose a regime that would have cleared the political air. Instead, by naming Llopis he has further complicated the situation. The new Prime Minister is an audacious man, capable of a volte-face whenever expediency dictates. Though relatively young in years, he is the prototype of the old provincial politico. Julio Just, to whom he has intrusted the key portfolios of Interior and War, is a nonentity who defies description; Franco's propaganda service will be quick to point up the humorous aspect of this appointmen. Llopis has justifiably kept the Cabinet small. But, unfortunately, the smallness is also qualitative.

What impelled Martínez Barrio to select Llopis? He cannot argue lack of support from the other groups, for as I have indicated, they were ready to join a genuine Republican Cabinet. Nor can he pretend he had no inkling of the reaction to this choice in Republican circles. When news came that he had sent for Llopis, the leaders of the various parties and groups got together and drafted a respectful but strongly worded letter. They called the President's attention to the enormous responsibility he was taking and advised him that, were a Llopis government formed, they would be obliged to combat it openly and energetically. For two days he still had an opportunity to change his mind, since Llopis in his search for ministers was meeting expected difficulties. But he stuck to his guns. The explanation offered by one of his closest friends is that the President acted with Machiavellian statecraft in selecting an ambitious Prietist, who had never dreamed of such high honor, in order to play him against his master. Llopis may well have pulled a dirty trick on Prieto to become Premier. But he is capable of a similar trick in reverse to regain his favor. In any case, Trifon Gomez, who was Prieto's real choice for the premiership, is once more a minister.

In line with their general policy of participating in any

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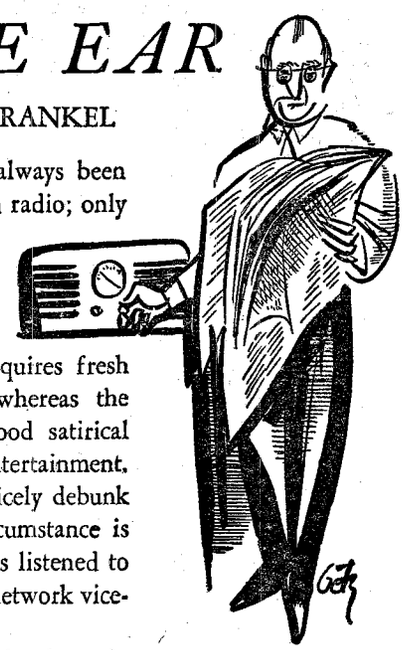
Spanish government in exile, the Communists have entered the new Cabinet. It will certainly be difficult to explain this move to their followers. Until three weeks ago the Communist press was strongly attacking Llopis, and at a recent public meeting Communist leaders denounced him as an intriguer and an enemy of the Republic.

Unquestionably the Republican cause has suffered serious damage. But Spanish Republicans are not easily discouraged. Already first steps have been taken to form a new organization, *España Combatiente*, whose purpose will be to keep alive the indomitable spirit of resistance that made the Spanish war an unforgettable chapter in the fight against fascism. The creation of such an organization in no way implies a break with Republican institutions or withdrawal of recognition from them. It bears no resemblance to the old *Junta Suprema*, created two years ago and now defunct, which opposed the idea of forming a government in exile. Nor is it in any way similar to the committee now proposed by Prieto, which would dissociate itself from governmental responsibility and thus be free to negotiate any sort of compromise. *España Combatiente* is a movement aimed at rallying all Republicans regardless of party who are for a policy of resistance against any attempt at capitulation and against a plebiscite, which Prieto advocates. It is nothing more or less than a movement in defense of the Republic.

IN ONE EAR

BY LOU FRANKEL



GOOD satire has always been difficult to find in radio; only the keen-witted Fred Allen has provided it consistently. One obvious reason for the dearth is that radio requires fresh material each week, whereas the stage can offer one good satirical routine as a season's entertainment. That radio satire can nicely debunk modern pomp and circumstance is clear to anyone who has listened to Fred Allen needle the network vice-presidents.

Now Henry Morgan has brought his particular brand of satire to the American Broadcasting Company network on Wednesday evenings at 10:30 (E. S. T.), and adult listeners are delighted. Before the war Morgan's banter about Adler Elevator Shoes made his WOR spot a popular one on the dial. He is back with much more pungent comments which get very cleverly under the hide of various political and social figures. Recently he said, "Everything is O. K. K. K. in Georgia, where Herman is the champion of squatters' rights." And in a condensed version of what he called "The Mikado by Gil and Sull," which demolished the complacent concert annotator, he ribbed the flamboyant MacArthur by having the Mikado introduced as "MacArthur's best friend."

The secret of Morgan's success, I think, is the way he sinks his harpoons without any preparation. The insults begin flying at once; Morgan commits mayhem without hesitating. He has also a first-rate cast of stooge voices and a competent orchestra.

If his target is the oh-so-intimate radio commentator who knows everything that is going on anywhere, Morgan first states his theme: "You know, I've been thinking about radio, that's even harder than listening. I've heard a lot of programs, and I often wonder if radio is really true to life, or vice versa." Then he shows the honey-voiced announcer at work selling a hair lotion to the ladies, and being something quite different when he gets home from "a tough day's work over a hot microphone." Finally we hear Mr. Morgan H. Dreary, radio commentator, at work.

> Good evening, everyone, how are you this evening? Watch Georgia! I have it from unofficial but usually reliable sources who tell me their most intimate secrets which I tell everyone . . . that Herman Talmadge, one of the latest governors of Georgia, was elected by a tremendous upsurge of more than 600 write-in votes, which proves conclusively that he has won the complete confidence of almost a fraction of the voters. The Governor spent a very busy day today, attending luncheons, addressing meetings, breaking into various offices.

Now comes the final ironic touch. Morgan looks at Morgan H. Dreary, radio commentator, at home:

> *Girl:* What's the matter? You look depressed.
> *Dreary:* I've been worried all day. . . .
> *Girl:* About what?
> *Dreary:* Did I or did I not feed the canary this morning?
> *Girl:* Of course you did. By the way, you were very good tonight, dear. Tell me, who was your unofficial source?
> *Dreary:* (Startled.) You ask me? Why your own kid sister!
> *Girl:* Oh, you shouldn't, she's only twelve. And where did you get that other confidential item from?
> *Dreary:* C'mere . . . shhh.
> *Girl:* Yes?
> *Dreary:* You won't tell anyone?
> *Girl:* No.
> *Dreary:* I heard it on Gabriel Heatter's program.

If you don't like commercials, then by all means listen to Morgan. He may say, "Here is Ted Husing, the world's best announcer and the world's worst commercial." Or, "Tonight the sponsor has kindly consented to reduce the length of the commercials by between one and two seconds." Or, "There's a pretty long-winded commercial coming up, so if you'd like to tune out, I'll wait a second. . . ."

Unquestionably network radio has a brash new talent in Henry Morgan. He has proved that he can do it every week; and he sells such huge quantities of his sponsor's Eversharp Shick Injector Razor that he will be left alone by the network, the advertising agency, and the sponsor's business office. Even if Morgan never gets any better, I'll be satisfied. But he will, and by the time Fred Allen retires to Dr. Rockwell's front porch down in Maine, Morgan will pick up where Allen left off.

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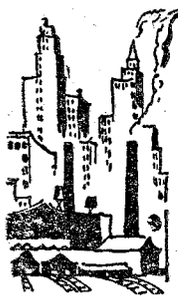

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Reform or Bankruptcy

THE railroads no longer have the monopoly of inland freight carriage which they once enjoyed. Trucks and pipe-lines have both diverted a large volume of traffic, and now the airplane is taking over most of their mail business and threatening to cut heavily into express revenues. Even so, the economies of locomotive haulage for bulk freight are such that the railroads seem likely to maintain their pre-eminence in the goods-transport field for many years to come.

When we turn to the passenger department, we find a much more clouded future. All through the twenties and thirties the number of train travelers steadily diminished. In 1923 the railroads chalked up 38.3 billion passenger-miles; in 1939 but 22.7 billion. Over the same period, it is estimated, the passenger mileage of private automobiles rose from 120 billion to 495 billion and that of buses from 4 billion to 20 billion. Domestic airline travel, not yet begun in 1923, accounted for 678 million passenger-miles in 1939, or about one-eighth of the Pullman car business.

With the war came an astounding increase in travel. Soldiers and warworkers, business executives and officials shuttled across the country, and in the peak year, 1944, railroad passenger travel piled up to 95 billion miles, more than twice that of the pre-war record reached in 1920. It was money for jam for the railroads, whose ancient coaches and Pullmans, packed sardine fashion, probably earned enough to make possible their retirement to the junk yard, where most of them properly belong.

The cost in good-will, however, while difficult to measure, was certainly very large. Some effort was made to cheer disgusted travelers by offering them wondrous pictures of a streamlined post-war era when they would be whizzed to their destinations in technicolored comfort. But after eighteen months of peace these draftsmen's dreams remain dreams for the most part. A few showy new trains have made their appearance, and some roads have placed substantial orders for coaches and sleepers. But as Robert R. Young, the unorthodox chairman of the Chesapeake and Ohio, has pointed out, at the present rate it will take twenty years to replace existing passenger rolling stock, and at the end of that period most of it will again be obsolescent. According to the same authority, 6,000 new sleeping-cars are urgently needed. As of June 1, 1946, only 764 had been ordered by 25 of the big roads; 30 other companies operating sleeper services had not ordered a single one.

The lackadaisical attitude of many railroad executives in regard to their passenger departments may be due in part to the fact that while they hope for improved freight business in the next few years, they are resigned to a sharp decline in passenger mileage. Their experts in the Association of American Railroads tell them to expect no more than 50 billion passenger miles this year and a fall to 35 billion by 1950. Even this last figure represents an enormous improvement over pre-war business, and personally I am inclined to question the possibility of its attainment unless the railroads heed the red lights ahead.

Mr. Young, who is reported to believe that New York Central's passenger business could be doubled or tripled by an aggressive and imaginative campaign, is now trying out some of his ideas on the Chesapeake and Ohio and its affiliated roads. He has ordered replacements for all main-line coaches and sleepers, taken steps to make diner service both more attractive and cheaper, introduced a credit-card system for travelers, and started showing movies on express trains. Possible results are illustrated by the experience of two Père Marquette streamliners which Young placed in service last summer between Detroit and Grand Rapids. Making three trips each way daily, these fast trains carried 102,031 revenue passengers in their first three months, or almost double the number on the same runs in the same period of 1945. And they have been earning a handsome return on the investment involved. This is the kind of thing railroads must do if they are to hold their own against the lower fares of the buses and the greater speed of the airlines.

Improved express service, however, is only the beginning of reform. Even more urgent, perhaps, is a complete overhaul of local services, which on many lines are so bad that nobody travels by train if any alternative mode of transport is available. I have no space here to discuss this and other passenger-department problems but would urge readers to study an article by Roger E. Tornell in the current *Harper's Magazine*—A Railroad Man Thinks Out Loud.

Mr. Tornell urges almost revolutionary changes in equipment, service regulations and attitudes, stations, and fare policies. He does so in the interest of the railroads themselves, for he believes that without drastic reforms the industry is heading rapidly toward trouble. Speaking of the handicaps suffered by railroad management in meeting "the new passenger competition," he stresses "acceptance, subconsciously if not consciously, of the idea that passenger service is something like a kept woman—useful in her best finery for giving an appearance of prosperity and dash, and as a means of dazzling important shippers and others, but useless for adding to net income. The conception and the attitude toward service which it breeds are bad. Whether passenger service can make money is debatable; but it is a certainty that if it is not well managed with the idea of making money, it can lose an appalling lot of money."

It is important to emphasize this last point because only when railroad management becomes fully alive to its implication are we likely to get action. As common carriers the railroads cannot expect to be allowed to cut losses by shutting down all but a few heavily traveled main routes. Nor can they hope, indefinitely, to subsidize unprofitable passenger departments by increasing freight charges. Even if the Interstate Commerce Commission proved complacent about that, competing forms of transport would enforce the law of diminishing returns. For many roads the real choice, in fact, is between the expenditure of money *and thought* on their passenger departments and another painful sojourn in the bankruptcy courts.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

FAUSTINA, OR, ROCK ROSES

Tended by Faustina
yes in a crazy house
upon a crazy bed,
frail, of chipped enamel,
blooming above her head
into four vaguely rose-like
flower-formations,

the white woman whispers to
herself. The floor-boards sag
this way and that. The crooked
towel-covered table
bears a can of talcum
and five pasteboard boxes
of little pills,

most half-crystallized.
The visitor sits and watches
the dew glint on the screen
and in it two glow-worms
burning a drowned green.
Meanwhile the eighty watt bulb
betrays us all,

discovering the concern
within our stupefaction;
lighting as well on heads
of tacks in the wall paper,
on a paper wall-pocket,
violet-embossed, glistening
with mica flakes.

It exposes the fine white hair,
the gown with the undershirt
showing at the neck,
the pallid palm-leaf fan
she holds but cannot wield,
her white disordered sheets
like wilted roses.

Clutter of trophies,
chamber of bleached flags!
—Rags or ragged garments
hung on the chairs and hooks
each contributing its
shade of white, confusing
as undazzling.

The visitor is embarrassed
not by pain nor age
nor even nakedness,
though perhaps by its reverse.
By and by the whisper
says *"Faustina, Faustina . . ."*
"¡Vengo, Señora!"

On bare scraping feet
Faustina nears the bed.
She exhibits the talcum powder,
the pills, the cans of "cream,"
the white bowl of farina,
requesting for herself
a little *coñac*;

complaining of, explaining,
the terms of her employment.
She bends above the other.
Her sinister kind face
presents a cruel black
coincident conundrum.
Oh, is it

freedom at last, a lifelong
dream of time and silence,
dream of protection and rest?
Or is it the very worst,
the unimaginable nightmare
that never before dared last
more than a second?

The acuteness of the question
forks instantly and starts
a snake-tongue flickering;
blurs further, blunts, softens,
separates, falls, our problems
becoming helplessly
proliferative.

There is no way of telling.
The eyes say only either.
At last the visitor rises,
awkwardly proffers her bunch
of rust-perforated roses
and wonders oh, whence come
all the petals.

ELIZABETH BISHOP

Death and Transfiguration

SELECTED WRITINGS OF DYLAN THOMAS. New Directions. $3.50.

YOU always look captiously at a selection when you are fond of the original material. I think "Before I knocked and flesh let enter" and "Light breaks where no sun shines" ought to have been in from the first Dylan Thomas volume, and more of the sonnet sequence from the second; the last sonnet is in, but there does not seem enough build-up for its magnificent ending:

. . . that Day
When the worm builds with the gold straws of venom
My nest of mercies in the rude, red tree.

As to the prose selections, the two from the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog," though they are smashingly good numbers, leave an impression that it is horror and self-pity all through, which is not true of that jovial book. However, I confess I think the selection well done otherwise. The smart title-page is very ugly, but the rest is decently printed.

Mr. J. L. Sweeney, in a well-informed introduction, says that "since 1940 and the air-raid poems Thomas has turned from the womb and the grave to the world of light; from the contemplation of the flesh and its declension to a metaphysical vision of resurrection." There is obviously some truth in this, but I am not sure that the change need be described so rosily. Anyone who starts bang off with a highly original and within its limits perfect technique is bound to have trouble in getting out of the limits; Dylan Thomas has been courageous in refusing to repeat his successes, and I expect this will pay in the end as it deserves to. But so far I like the earlier poems better. They have such concentration that they seem to be constructed of exploding bombs; and I think the secret of these brief passages is that Dylan Thomas has maneuvered himself for them into a strategic point, like a mountain range from which the rivers flow opposite ways. Thus in the lines quoted above (from the 1936 volume) the Christian ideas are taken seriously and not denied; one cannot call it merely a picture of "the flesh and its declension"; but they are crossed with something else. The *worm* (where you would expect birds) seems to stand for low-grade but undefeatable parts of the psyche which could make you a cosy home even in disaster and agony. It could *build* perhaps out of the poisons of hatred involuntarily let loose by the

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renunciation, not out of any noble aspect of the renunciation itself. Yet these materials are *gold;* Moses could make bricks with them; they are a witness to the strength and pleasure of your life as well as its indifference to your purposes. The twist is that the religious mind would not want to accept from God this appalling type of mercy, which yet he appears to use. In this kind of way Dylan Thomas has a large mind, and one working almost entirely within these echoes of metaphor, which are given a sort of incantationary power. A pantheistic assumption is kept up by which events inside his skin are magically correlated to larger events outside it, so that the themes are not as narrow as they look. It is very much poetry you can live with, because it opens on you gradually; I found it excellent stuff to have when wandering about China, where one was short of books. There is a certain nervous strain in it, because of the range of vision which has to be packed into each phrase; and a good deal of horror, which is after all required as one of the endpoints of the range. But it is a magnificent invention, and it does not seem to me all about "the declension of the flesh."

When in 1940 Dylan Thomas was presented with the actual theme of children burnt to death in air raids the horror did not need rubbing in, though it was expressed firmly. The surrealists in rather the same way, I think, had been partly prophesying the war, and when it came felt that there would be no point in work which might be mistaken for the realism of an official War Artist. The later religious poems pointed out by Mr. Sweeney, such as "Vision and Prayer," are I think as much within reach of horror (though perhaps not as much concerned about it) as the earlier sonnet sequence was: "I shall run lost in sudden/Terror and shining from/The once hooded room/Crying in vain/In the caldron/Of his Kiss." What one can say about other later poems is that the pressure, as if of hallucination, has been reduced; they are more reflective and perhaps more intelligible than the early ones, partly because the sentences add up to a more coherent poem. In the first volume (1934), and even more in the second (1936), the thought is so packed that

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by Sir Samuel Hoare

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the mighty lines are very detachable; I do remember the context of "The two-a-vein, the foreskin and the cloud" —a line I was sorry not to meet here— but you do not need any context before reflecting on this impressive puzzle. It would have been tempting and fatal to get stuck in the mighty-line technique, and now that Dylan Thomas has gone beyond it he has the ball at his feet for further development. "Fern Hill" for example is a direct and enchanting description of the child Dylan on the home farm, the kind of thing that he had hitherto done only in prose; and the technical invention of an elaborate but unrhymed stanza form is just what it needed. But I am not sure about "turning towards the world of light"; it is a lament for lost youth, and it ends:

> Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means
> Time held me green and dying
> Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

The change is one of technique rather than of mood.

I hope very much that he will consolidate the new conquests, all the same. "The Winter's Tale" looks on the first page as if it is going to be a wonderful piece of story-telling, with the description of a farm working up to

> He knelt, he wept, he prayed,
> By the spit and the black pot in the log bright light
> And the cup and the cut bread in the dancing shade,
> In the muffled house, in the quick of night,
> At the point of love, forsaken and afraid.

Only then instead the thing goes off into an ecstasy; turning to the world of light to be sure, as much as you could wish, but what I wanted was to hear one of the grinding Welsh anecdotes given this intensity of form. We may get it yet.

WILLIAM EMPSON

The Cycles of Style

THE COMMONWEALTH OF ART: Style in the Fine Arts, Music, and the Dance. By Curt Sachs. W. W. Norton and Company, $5.

TO find the rhythms within the arts, to disclose their affiliations and record the life of forms, is a venture that has engaged some of the most temperamental philosophic minds—Santayana, of course, not to mention Nietzsche, Spengler, Faure, Focillon, and the sensitive, painstaking Wölfflin. For his epigraph Mr. Sachs has chosen Friedrich Schiller's opinion that only pedants will seek to partition the arts into special learning; the philosopher will seek to interpret their unity. Sachs's own philosophic synthesis would demonstrate that styles in the visual arts and music move concurrently with great tidal impulses between ethos—"serenity, strictness, and moderation"—and pathos—"freedom, passion, and exaggeration." Even if this ethos-pathos vocabulary is hardly more advantageous than the classic-romantic vocabulary he discards, Sachs has worked out his basic dualism over very wide areas in separate arts and through many stylistic contrasts, particularly in music.

Reviewing what happened in the arts generation after generation, he first offers a synoptic history of changes in style from the primitives to 1946. This survey leads to the conclusion that the arts alternate between poles of the "eternal antithesis" of ethos and pathos, a dualism expressed in such oppositions as limitation and boundlessness, essence and appearance, close and open structure, density and size, plain and picturesque, line and color, addition and unification. Having found his language of ethos and pathos, Sachs distinguishes three gigantic cycles in which this dualism unfolds: the cycles of Antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the Later Ages. The phases within these cycles swing, in turn, from ethos to pathos by smaller and smaller vibrations. If, for example, the Later Ages are predominantly pathos, their minor phases of Renaissance and Romanticism move from ethos to pathos, and so on indeterminately. The visual arts dominate the opening of any cycle; the close of any cycle is music.

This sounds more schematic than Sachs might wish, since he, most of all, recognizes the danger of misinterpreting facts for the sake of theory. Yet to establish his case he need not have concerned himself with his impressive synopsis of the arts at thirty-year intervals. No "strictly methodical analysis," no accumulation of chronological evidence will interpret the spirit of the forms, the configurations of ethos and pathos. No matter how diligently we qualify or subtract counter-forces, no theory will easily accommodate Wagner and Brahms as contemporaries, or LeNain and Inigo Jones, Zola and Renoir. The philosophic synthesis may be only a pedantry unless one is bold enough to deal with ethos and pathos as a generalization no more likely to be historically true than Nietzsche's violent opposition of Apollonian and Dionysian impulses, Spengler's distinction between Apollinian and Faustian cultures, or Elie Faure's proposal, so feelingly and densely elaborated, that the artistic intelligence passes "everywhere through almost similar phases of organic integration, harmonic equilibrium, and critical dissolution which give to its appearances surprising analogies of structure, rhythm, and accent." Faure's interpretation is poetry, not history. Sachs's caution is, in this event, unwise. When he neglects chronology and speaks his language of ethos and pathos—contrasting the Doric temple with the Gothic cathedral, the rondo with the toccata, comparing Palestrina with Palladio, insisting that "Parsifal" is illusion, denying that the improvisations of the *castrati* are a negation of form—his oversimplifications are, critically, well worth the risk. It is easy to take exception to his chronological "evidence"; but his division of absolute from descriptive music is unquestionable.

If his cyclic view of the arts lacks the impartiality that in Spengler appears so inhuman, Sachs firmly repudiates the misconception that the history of styles is an organic "forward" evolution and that certain styles are "transitional" instead of being, what all styles are, a special momentary equilibrium with a validity of their own. Sachs is also aware that styles occur by discontinuities, atavisms, leaps. He correctly accepts any style as "the effigy of a certain will and emotion." His analyses of musical forms—fugal, orchestral, operatic—are always stylistic in this sense.

In defining ethos and pathos Sachs seems to have transposed the daring categories of Wölfflin into a dualism that is necessarily more general and therefore coarser and more superficial. His contraries of limitation and boundlessness, disjunction and conjunction, tectonics and atectonics, essence and appearance are really extensions of

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Wölfflin's distinctions between close and open composition, linear and painterly, multiplicity and unity, and absolute and relative clarity. Sachs evidently accepts picturesque as a phase of baroque; whereas picturesque is essentially a denial of the inherent baroque illusion of apparent immensity within strict limits. Nor, since Fiske Kimball's explanation, must we speak of rococo as a style of freedom and profusion.

Rococo, like all the styles, is a technique; and Sachs's balance of imagination against structure, symbol against craft, inspiration against rule, as well as the very alternation of pathos and ethos, the great cycles and tides of style, actually conceals a "law of technical primacy"—the operation of accepted forms and skills on the artist's will, the control of iconography over the artist's vision. For Sachs, the Renaissance is pathos; but long ago Emile Mâle showed that the iconography decreed by the Council of Trent determined this "pathos." Lately George Kernodle proved that under the same law of technical primacy the nature of the drama changed when the processional techniques of the medieval stage were modified by the pictorial, illusionistic theater of the Renaissance. Style is an effigy of a certain will and emotion. It is also ritual: the dance, the theater, the poetry, the music of the Greeks were originally *techné,* skill, craft, the ceremonial *thing done.* The very word ethos as used by Aristotle implies an external-mindedness—ethos is bearing, behavior, the thing one does. One might argue that pathos is a failure of ethos, ritual, iconography. Sachs considers that the Gothic developed toward pathos, as indeed it eventually did. Yet the façade of Chartres is not pathos; the formalism is iconographic. So also is the formalism of the walled and trimmed garden, the medieval cosmology, the illuminated manuscript, the rose window, the troubadour lyric, the cult of courtly love. It is a pity that Sachs has usually excluded literature from his evidence: the consummate formalism of Dante, of Aquinas, of the idyllic secularism in Chrétien de Troyes's romances is not pathos. It is, again, iconography. The instrument, as Sachs knows and shows better than anyone else, is the condition of music. And if one is not to consider the instrument, the ritual, the iconography, the law of technical primacy, then one had better not appeal to history at all but seek to intuit, with Elie Faure, the spirit of the forms.

WYLIE SYPHER

The Red or the Black

ALLY BETRAYED. The Uncensored Story of Tito and Mihailovich. By David Martin. Foreword by Rebecca West. Prentice-Hall. $3.50.

DAVID MARTIN'S passionate apologia for General Mihailovich raises certain questions of general import in political interpretation. The book presents one of several recent arguments criticizing war-time military decisions on retrospective political grounds. The broad form of the indictment is the contention that Roosevelt, with the reluctant acquiescence of Churchill, sacrificed vital democratic interests at Teheran and Yalta by not insisting on quid pro quos in exchange for aid to the U. S. S. R. "Ally Betrayed" reduces this general bill to the specific item of the decision to back Tito instead of Mihailovich.

The question to which the historian must address himself is not whether in the fulness of time the decisions turned out right; it is whether in the light of the evidence available when the decisions were made they constituted allowable judgments. So far as one can reconstruct the picture, these decisions seem not only allowable but almost the only possible judgments—and in the case of Yugoslavia they were taken by persons, such as MacLean, Deakin, and Churchill, who had no discernible sym-

HER DEAD BROTHER

I

The Lion of St. Mark's upon the glass
Shield in my window reddens, as the night
Enchants the swinging dories to its terrors,
And dulls your distant wind-stung eyes; alas,
Your portrait, coiled in German-silver hawsers, mirrors
The sunset as a dragon. Enough light
Remains to see you through your varnish. Giving
Your life has brought you closer to your friends;
Yes, it has brought you home. All's well that ends:
Achilles dead is greater than the living;

My mind holds you as I would have you live,
A wintering dragon. Summer was too short
When we went picnicking with telescopes
And crocking leather handbooks to that fort
Above the lank and heroned Sheepscot, where its slopes
Are clutched by hemlocks—spotting birds. I give
You back that idyll, Brother. Was it more?
Remember riding, scotching with your spur
The four-foot milk-snake in a juniper?
Father shellacked it to the ice-house door.

Then you were grown; I left you on your own.
We will forget that August twenty-third,
When Mother motored with the maids to Stowe,
And the pale summer shades were drawn—so low
No one could see us; no, nor catch your hissing word,
As false as Cressid! Let our deaths atone:
The fingers on your sword-knot are alive,
And Hope, that fouls my brightness with its grace,
Will anchor in the narrows of your face.
My husband's Packard crunches up the drive.

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pathy with communism. One must never forget that it was a war against Germany which was being fought. Killing Nazis was the desideratum in those bygone days, and it did not matter a great deal where they were killed or by whom. The proper aim of our leadership was to maximize the killing of Germans. The calculation as between Tito and Mihailovich in Yugoslavia was a simple one. No responsible statesman in 1943 could base his policy on the premise that Britain and America were fighting Russia.

Mr. Martin's book is detailed and, in considerable part, documented. It establishes beyond cavil that an immense amount of press agentry and sleight-of-hand went into the propaganda build-up for both Partisans and Chetniks. No one need doubt his conviction that post-war Yugoslavia is an intolerable dictatorship or that Soviet Russia has betrayed the world revolution. Yet the bitterness of tone, the inaccuracies, and the internal inconsistencies do not make his grandstand quarterbacking any more convincing.

On the important question of resistance strategy Mr. Martin appears to argue that Mihailovich was correct in practicing a policy of waiting instead of fighting—though he weakens his case by also appearing to argue that Mihailovich was, in fact, doing most of the fighting and that the Partisans were getting unjustified credit. The first Martin thesis is of course correct; but the Mihailovich notion that he could maintain an organized army somewhere in the hills in preparation for future Allied landings was, as the British perceived, untenable. All the experience of underground warfare contradicted it; the sequel in Yugoslavia disproved it. If you wanted to resist, you joined a fighting organization; if you didn't want to resist, you stayed home. Tito's army grew while Mihailovich's disintegrated. Mihailovich had good reasons perhaps for objecting to an activist policy, but they were not calculated to appeal to an Allied command which wanted to kill Germans.

On the two major issues concerning Mihailovich—the nature of his collaboration and the nature of his political backing—Mr. Martin, in the mind of this reviewer, fails to establish his case. His discussion of Chetnik collaboration, while it admits all manner of local accommodation by subordinate commanders, denies Mihailovich's complicity. This denial does not answer the material available during the war in intercepts of German Foreign Office communication or uncovered since by American interrogations of Dr. Neubacher, the German Foreign Office representative in Yugoslavia, or of Major General Gottlieb Berger of the S. S.

Even more important is the failure to substantiate the repeated assertion that "the movement on which Mihailovich based himself . . . was essentially a democratic peasant movement embracing the vast majority of the most independent and uncompromising peasantry in Europe." Mihailovich himself appears to have been a decent and straightforward military man without clear political ideas. But he was surrounded in Yugoslavia and represented overseas by a clique of pan-Serb reactionaries who had no interest at all in setting up Mr. Martin's "peasant democracy." Mr. Martin, whose sympathies are evidently with the Serbs, gives a somewhat distorted picture of the Serb-Croat rivalry, and he is able to turn calmly to so notorious and violent a pan-Serb as Lieutenant Colonel Zivan Knezevich as a reliable source. The statement that Tito's movement, "even at its height, was a minority movement which had won for itself the active hostility of the mass of the Serb, Croat, and Slovene peoples" is unhappily extreme.

The recent liberal agitation over the execution of Mihailovich revealed an unfortunate tendency to advance boldly for the most generous reasons into prob-

---

II

The ice is out: the tidal current swims
Its blocks against the launches as they pitch
Under the cruisers of my Brother's fleet.
The gas, uncoiling from my oven burners, dims
The face above this bottled *Water Witch,*
The knock-about my Brother fouled and left to eat
Its heart out by the Boston Light. My Brother,
I've saved you in the ice-house of my mind—
The ice is out . . . Our fingers lock behind
The tiller . . . We are heeling in the smother . . .

Their sails, marconi, leg-o'mutton, tell
The colors of the rainbow; but they flap,
As the wind fails, and cannot fetch the bell . . .
His stick is tapping on the millwheel-step,
He lights a match, another and another—
The Lord is dark, and holy is His name.
By my own hands, into His hands! My burners
Sing like a kettle. My decanter mirrors
The Stygian Landing—lights to starboard. Brother,
The harbor! . . . the torpedoed cruisers flame,

The motor-launches with their searchlights bristle
About the targets . . . You are black . . . You shout,
And cup your broken sword-hand . . . Yes, your whistle
Across the crackling water: *Quick, the ice is out.*
A boy's face . . . always as it is . . . a part
Of death. O Brother, a New England town is death
And incest—and I saw it whole. I said,
Life is a thing I own. I race my heart
Against your stop-watch—they are running dead.
Brother, I hurry. I am out of breath.

ROBERT LOWELL

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ably untenable positions. The trial was certainly unfair, Tito is certainly a dictator, Mihailovich is certainly anti-Communist; but this equation does not make Mihailovich a peasant democrat. Nor does the pseudo-democratic façade which Mihailovich gave his movement in its declining days eradicate the Fotichs and Knezevichs in the background. Nor is Miss Rebecca West at her most persuasive when she concludes in her foreword: "That we were not wrong who upheld Mihailovich is proved by the last sentences of his speech: so honest, so wise, so mild." However honest, wise, or mild, speeches *prove* very little about facts.

Tito has turned out a despot, but that does not mean that Mihailovich would have turned out a great agrarian reformer. Liberals must guard against accepting the view that democratic professions combined with opposition to Soviet totalitarianism are ample proof of an honestly democratic purpose. It is discouraging to see people who should know better rushing today to an all-out defense of the Kuomintang because Chiang Kai-shek dislikes the Communists and has gone through the motions of adopting a pretty new constitution. (Even the U. S. S. R. has a pretty constitution.) In so doing, they play straight into the hands of the Communists. For the central Communist effort has been to impose a false definition of possibilities—to convince the world that there is no middle ground between communism and reaction. By indorsing the Pan-Serbs and the C. C. clique certain liberals are going dangerously far toward proving the Communists right and thus toward reducing the world to a choice between two equally vicious tyrannies.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

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"I Feel Drunk All the Time"

THE SELECTED POEMS OF KENNETH PATCHEN. New Directions. $1.50.

ANYONE who does not like a book of poems—but likes poetry—has to ask himself a humble question about the book: what is it which made at least one person, the author, think that these poems were good? Kenneth Patchen has many admirers, not just one, and although most of them do not seem to be interested in much poetry very much, nevertheless when one does not share their enthusiasm, one owes it to oneself to find out what others enjoy. Otherwise one may be missing something, or one may be in error again, as often before.

The readers who enjoy Patchen's poetry and the poet himself possess a real sensitivity to language, and they delight in the thrilling eruption of excited emotions such as social indignation, sexual passion, and drunken laughter. Patchen and his admirers probably like most of all eloquent language which is profound in sound. And when they do not understand this language, they are probably impressed by their own mystification. This is not because they are really full of humility before the mystery and richness of existence, but because they enjoy being impressed, like tourists at Niagara Falls; and when they do not understand what impresses them, they do not want to try to find out whether a hoax, a mirage, a nightmare, or a genuine mystery has been in front of them. Look for instance at this beginning of a poem:

These of living emanate a formidable light
Which is equal to death and when used
Gives increase eternally
What fortifies in separate thought
Is not drawn by wind or by man defiled.
So whispers the parable of doubleness.

Risky guesswork in which one has no confidence whatever can impose some meaning on these lines, but there are far too many possible readings, and the most persuasive one is that the passage has no denotative meaning at all. Yet the poet evidently thought well of the passage, for it is the beginning of the title poem of his fifth volume, and it is reprinted in this volume of selected poems. Perhaps the author and his admirers thought that the first line was profound in connotation and liked such words as "living," "emanate," and "light" in combination. And perhaps these readers did not feel they had to know how the living emanate a light, how the light itself is formidable, how the emanation of light is equal to death, and how this extraordinary light gives increase eternally. Anyway, the reader who admires a different kind of poetry is left with only one choice—to invent a metaphysics or mystical system which will tell him what these lines mean, or to relax and enjoy a sonorous vagueness which seems to be optimistic, affirmative, and God knows what else. Toward the end of the poem the poet himself seems to be perplexed, and he asks unanswerable questions such as "What is necessary? What is inseparable to know?" queries which would tax the combined talents of Kant and Sherlock Holmes. As Marianne Moore says in one of the poems which one can admire only if one does not admire Patchen's abuse of language, "it is not that one is daft about the right meaning, but this familiarity with the wrong meaning puzzles one."

Patchen's gifts are various, however, and when he is not being profound, it is often possible to find out what his poems are about and what has motivated them. He frequently dons the mask of the tough guy who is full of tenderness and pity. This tough guy hates wars, loves children, admires naked girls, and does not care for death. Thus,

You're a bastard Mr. Death
And I wish you didn't have no look-in here

he writes in a poem entitled I Feel Drunk All the Time, an excellent title. By examining this quotation one can see how literary and derivative a poet Patchen is precisely when he is trying his hardest to be one of the boys in the back room. For he is weakly echoing a famous poem by E. E. Cummings about Buffalo Bill ("Jesus/he was a handsome man/and what i want to know is/how do you like your blueeyed boy/Mister Death"). And he is literary and derivative in the further sense that his use of slang is false in tone. He says, "you didn't have no look-in," like an Englishman saying, "let's be full of 'Pep,' honey."

Patchen has a real poetic talent. It comes to nothing because he has no

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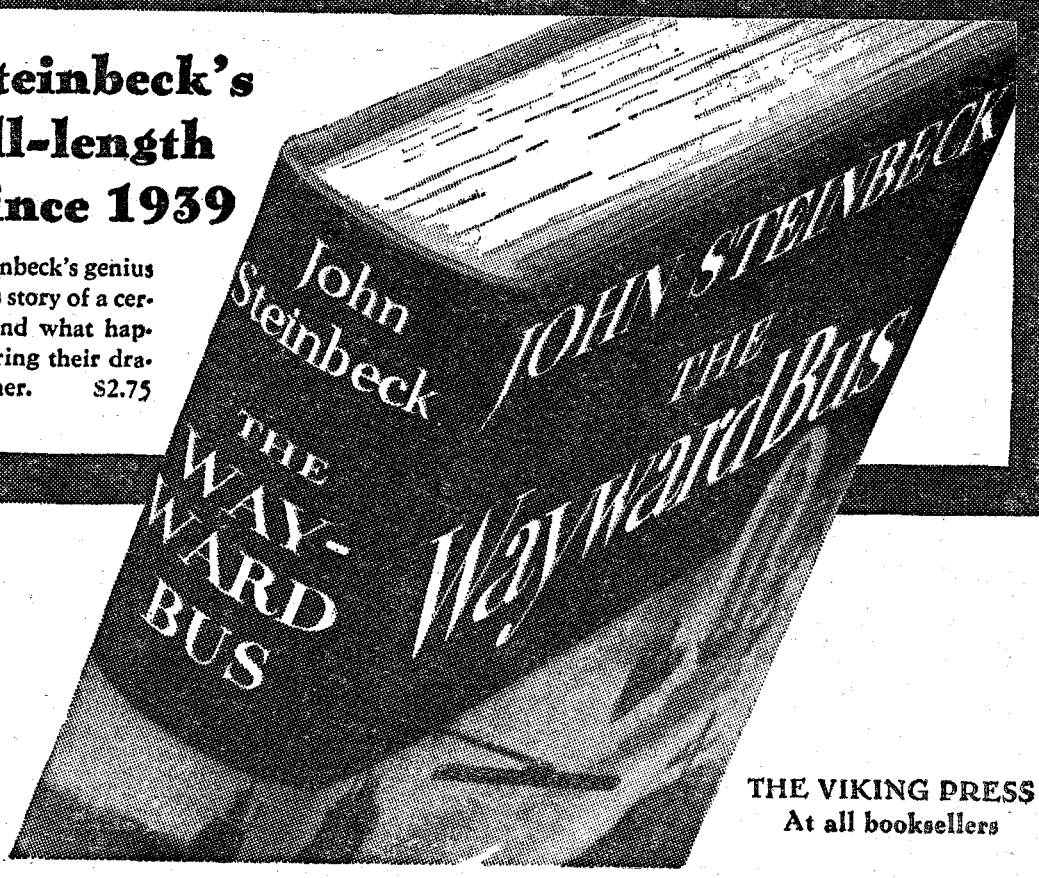

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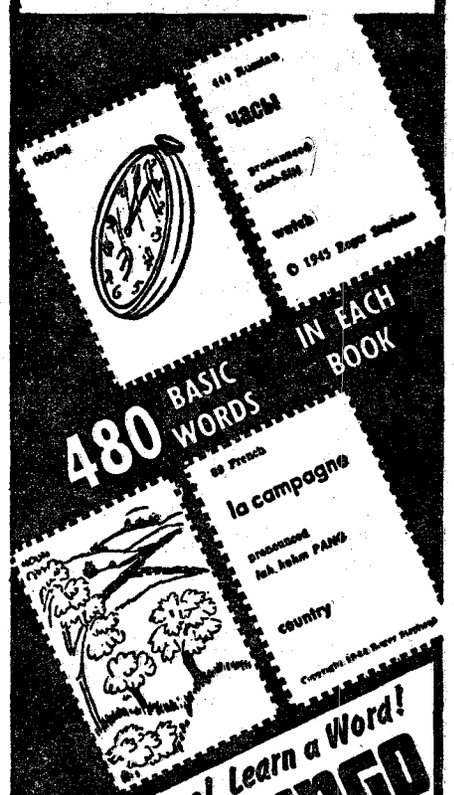

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respect for poetic form, no concern about the meaning of words, and no way of judging the value of his emotions. You can get the real thing in Cummings:

it may not always be so; and i say
that if your lips, which i have loved, should touch
another's and your dear fingers clutch
his heart, as mine, in time not far away.

You can measure Patchen's version by comparison:

Do I not deal with angels
When her lips I touch
So gentle, *so warm and sweet*—falsity
Has no sight of her

You can wonder and try to be sure what Patchen means by falsity, or you can decide that it would be better to labor with the real but rewarding difficulty of "Finnegans Wake." In fact, the only justification for objecting at length to Patchen's writings is the likelihood that those who are repelled by this kind of writing because of its obscurity may confuse it with "Finnegans Wake" and other works by our poor dead king. DELMORE SCHWARTZ

The Slaves

BLACK ANGER. By Wulf Sachs. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

THIS book appears at just the right time. The debate on South Africa in the General Assembly of the United Nations has reminded us of the conditions under which 8,000,000 South African Negroes live—conditions such that these Negroes can become lyrical about the "high place" achieved by Negroes in America. The biography of a Rhodesian medicine man written by a psychoanalyst of Russian-Jewish origin, "Black Anger" supplies what debate cannot—the concrete feeling of what it is like to be a Negro in South Africa. That is, not only to be treated as less than human—after all, so are American Negroes—but to be legally restrained and frustrated in any effort to better one's condition through education, business, or any of the other channels American Negroes have used with some success; and—perhaps cruelest—to feel one's deepest beliefs and most cherished institutions crumbling under contact with omnipotent and incomprehensible strangers.

John Chavafambira, scion of a family of distinguished medicine men, left his native village in Rhodesia as a young man to work in the Union of South Africa. Through his experiences there we are gradually made aware of the steel net of restrictions inside which South African Negroes live their lives. His first sight in the great city of Johannesburg was a gang of Negroes being herded through the streets on their way from the courthouse to forced labor. The crime of most of them was to have lacked passes—Negroes in South Africa must carry passes when on city streets after dark; these passes certify that one has permission to be away from one's native village and to reside in such-and-such a city, give one's place of work, certify payment of the poll tax, and so on. Chavafambira soon found out that Negroes cannot use most means of transportation, even though their "locations"—the ghettoes in which they must live—are usually miles from the city. They can be forced out of their "homes" at any time to permit the white city to expand. They cannot vote; they cannot gather in groups of more than ten; of course they cannot carry weapons—even the possession of a bicycle chain given to him by Dr. Sachs was enough to send Chavafambira to jail for six months.

The Africans are often forced into reservations too small to provide subsistence, just as our American Indians were. For the whites must find ways of crowding Bantus out of the native villages and into the urban slums where they can furnish cheap labor for the mines. Since the threat of starvation on the land proves an insufficient goad, South African white men—as do other British "empire-builders"—impose a special poll tax on natives.

Professional studies have told us of the natives' meager diet—mostly meal and tea—their high tuberculosis rate, their miserable "housing," and so forth. Under similar conditions many New World Indian and other native groups have simply died out. Negroes, like Caucasians, have proved hardier. They fight back where they can and wait where they must. Here, certainly, is a wide field for the kind of psychoanalytic speculation and investigation into cultural differences that has recently been initiated by American psychoanalysts and anthropologists.

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But finding the political and social situation he did, Dr. Sachs does not make too much of psychoanalytic explanations. Since it is consciously man-made conditions that envelop South African Negroes and psychologically disable them, Dr. Sachs considers the classic psychoanalytic mechanisms relatively unimportant. Thus, writing of the peculiarly sharp Oedipus situation in the native African family (the child is breast-fed for three or four years, during which time the parents have no sexual relations; the father then suddenly appears on the scene), he says: "This dramatic childhood experience had a retarding effect on John, and on every African child in his fight for independence—though today this important psychological factor counts for little compared with the poverty and starvation, the economic exploitation, and the severe racial discrimination to which black people are subjected in South Africa." And later he says of the common failure of the natives to make plans for the future: "This attitude can be traced psychologically to the native method of child-rearing. But chiefly it develops because the African is too much at the mercy of the white man's caprice to make any kind of planning for the future of value."

This book is consequently less a psychoanalytic document than a political one, and is closer to such books as Kravchenko's "I Found Freedom" than to scientific life-histories of persons of non-Western cultures. Unfortunately, a peculiarly poignant aspect of John Chavafambira's tragedy, one unrelated to politics, is thereby slighted—that is, the effect of his falling between two cultures, the African and the European, neither of which he can fully accept or reject. Dr. Sachs concentrates less on the demarcation between two cultures than on that between two castes; less on the conflict in John Chavafambira's mind between two sets of values than on his passion to be treated as an equal, regardless of what values he chooses. Yet the cultural conflict is inevitably more tragic, for as a result of its rather easily predictable outcome a wonderful and irreplaceable human creation, a cultural ethos, must be destroyed.

Dr. Sachs seems to have more material on John and other South African natives than he has chosen to give us in

In a feature review in
THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
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says:

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this admittedly popular account. (I am not sure, however, that he has the relativistic attitude toward cultures that is necessary for good "ethno-psychoanalysis"; for example, when John falls in love with a slim girl, he considers it some sort of gain that his criterion of beauty is "no longer that of the primitive kraal-man, but that of an educated black man.") This reviewer looks forward eagerly to a fuller treatment of the South African Negro by Dr. Sachs.

NATHAN GLAZER

LABRADOR

How clean these shallows
how firm these rocks stand
about which wash
the waters of the world

It is ice to this body
that unclothes its pallors
to the very thoughts
of this immeasurable sea

that as it rises unmarred
incloses this
straining mind, these
limbs in a single gesture.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

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The Bear and the Eagle

THE STRANGE ALLIANCE: The Story of Our Efforts at War-Time Cooperation with Russia. By John R. Deane. The Viking Press. $3.75.

THIS book is a contribution of first importance to students of world politics. Lest this verdict unduly startle and dismay the author, let me add at once that it appeals also to a much wider audience, that it has wit, humor, and a shrewd wisdom not wholly unmixed with subtlety. The writing too shows simplicity and grace. And yet, unlike most of the "now it can be told" genre with which it might otherwise be classed, it is unusually significant for the light it throws upon the most crucial of all current political problems—whether we can get along with Russia, and how to go about doing so.

Major General Deane was head of the United States Military Mission in Moscow from October, 1943, until after the surrender of Japan. In that capacity he had to deal with the topmost echelons of the Soviet government, both of the political and the military departments. His story is the now usual one of arriving with eagerness, hope, and confidence and of departing with a sense of deep frustration not far above despair. But the strength of the book is in the carefully detailed and objective reporting of the events and negotiations which pushed him along that well-trodden path.

The description of "objective" will no doubt be challenged. General Deane has his share of that scar tissue which betrays the occupational disease prevalent among accredited representatives of Western powers to the Soviet Union. But there is a difference between the bias of pre-judgment and the mental bent which follows from a plenitude of experience. As far as internal evidence goes, this book persuades one of the fairness of the author, of his readiness to give the Soviets the benefit of the doubt. To be sure, he is not sophisticated in the analytical techniques of political science. His explanation of why the Russians behave as they do does not penetrate very deeply. But he presents his basic data with discrimination and judgment. And it is not irrelevant that both his experience and his deductions fall into a pattern which is familiar to those who have talked with diplomatic and military persons of comparable experience. This might suggest either a universal prejudice among such persons or a mutual confirmation of conclusions honestly arrived at.

The incidents described by the author which are worth mentioning in a review are legion. The story of lend-lease to the Russians and the part it played in the war, of what went on behind the scenes at the great war-time conferences, of the negotiations to bring the Soviet Union into the war against Japan, and of numerous other events furnishes a rich storehouse for impatient historians who want to get at the facts before the archives are opened.

Among the most interesting observations for me were those which illuminated the deep-seated and all-pervasive aversion of Soviet officials to the admission of foreigners regardless of purpose (they first rejected the idea of admitting instructors to teach Soviet airmen the use of the Norden bombsight; subsequently they admitted with great reluctance and procrastination a small proportion of those offered but confined those few to a wholly inadequate number of contact hours with Soviet students); their habitual obstructiveness to collaboration, even when the gains to be derived were overwhelmingly to their advantage (demonstrated by their refusal to permit Allied air groups to bomb targets immediately behind the German forces opposing them); the hollow meaning of Soviet "agreement in principle" (revealed in the whole dilatory progress of shuttle bombing); and the degree to which Soviet irritation on political matters is immediately translated into obstructionism in the most irrelevant and far-flung negotiations. Significantly enough, some of the instances of uncommon success in winning collaboration involved conspiratorial enterprises, such as the elaborately faked "escape" of interned Americans who had fought in the Pacific war and the agreement, subsequently rejected by Roosevelt, to coordinate the military activities of the N. K. V. D. and our own OSS.

Throughout the war distrust of Allied motives and intentions remained an article of Soviet faith. No gesture, however generous, was sufficient to allay

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suspicion. Tremendous quantities of lend-lease materials were furnished the Soviet Union without that scrutiny of needs which was characteristic not only of our dealings wtih our other Allies but even of our supply of our own armed forces. The response accorded us hardly lends support to those who now advocate the winning of Soviet confidence and cooperation by the generous and open gesture—particularly in respect to turning over the secrets of the atomic bomb.

The problem of the atomic bomb and of its control was constantly in this reviewer's mind as he read the book. General Deane avows, though with diffidence, that he has the answer to the question of how to deal with the Soviets. That answer is a minor variation on the now rather trite "patience with firmness" formula, the chief addition being an insistence on demanding quid pro quo and on not turning the other cheek, whether facial or posterior. But that system is not suggestive of methods for achieving international control of atomic energy. It must be admitted, and General Deane tacitly admits it by the manner in which he skirts the issue, that the experience related in the book, while "not all bad," does not encourage optimism concerning ultimate Soviet acceptance on an effective working level of anything comparable to the Baruch proposals. BERNARD BRODIE

Our Own Philosophers

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY. By Herbert W. Schneider. Columbia University Press. $4.50.

HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER has given us a very good book. It is a book we have anticipated for a long time, and it fulfils our expectations. In length and soundness, in comprehensiveness and insight, it fits the needs both of the institutionalized reader and of the reader at large. The former will take to it for its accuracy and its bibliographies, the latter for its generous quotations and its clipped asides—"It was fear rather than faith that brought in political democracy"; "Democracy was not a theory of popular government but a symbol of class conflict"; "American national socialism was pre-

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Marxian but . . . post-revolutionary."

The book surveys American thought from its beginnings to the near present. It ends with an excellent account of pragmatism. It does not include the recent developments of realism or naturalism, and it makes no attempt to handle logic or the physical sciences. But it covers almost everything else in our thinking. The main figures in our literature are considered, biological ideas are present in the wings if not on the stage, philosophical psychology is reviewed at length, and ideas on society, politics, and religion are fully expounded. The major philosophers are of course given the central place. The careful analyses of their views are supported with such liberal quotations that the reader has the sense of working directly on source material.

Schneider recommends as supplementation to his account Joseph Dorfman's "The Economic Mind in American Civilization" and as a companion volume the anthology of "American Philosophic Addresses: 1700-1800," edited by his coworker Joseph L. Blau (published simultaneously with Schneider's book by the Columbia University Press).

One of the excitements I had in reading the book was the continual discovery of significant persons who had been previously bare names. I found especially interesting the radical utilitarianism of Daniel Raymond, the theory of scientific social planning of Richard Hildreth, the scientific humanism of Chauncey Wright, the anticipations of objective relativism in Francis Abbot, the foreshadowing of emergent evolution in Edmund Montgomery. Each reader will of course make his own discoveries in terms of his own slant, but that each will make them to his own reward is sure.

Those who are alien to the continual reaching out of Demos for power will underline such a statement as this one by Fischer Adams: "Democracy is an illuminated Hell that in the midst of remorse, horror, and torture rings with festivity." Others in this land of the multiple will side with Whitman: "We must be constantly pressing onward—every year throwing the doors wider and wider—and carrying our experiment of democratic freedom to the very verge of the limit."

Professor Schneider expounds rather than professes. He refuses to summarize the tale he tells. This decision is undoubtedly wise, and I shall not tarnish its wisdom by a formula. But it is worth noting that Schneider in his caution almost leaves the impression that American thought is without distinction. He sees American philosophy largely as a reaction to ideas from other cultures. He fails to find a "central content, a dominant note, or a moral lesson" in its history. "Our past is fully as confused as our present. Its vitality, therefore, must be sought, not in a definable quality or direction of movement, but in that vague yet tangible energy which it exerts when it is faced with new ideas."

I should merely like to raise the question whether that energy is not more tangible and less vague than Schneider suggests. Negatively the point can be made in terms of his own insistence upon the close connection between philosophic ideas and politico-social ideas in our culture; if this is so, then if there is anything distinctive in our social thinking and institutions it should also appear in the related philosophies.

Positively I can only state that the philosophic material Schneider presents gives me the feeling that it does so appear. American philosophy has stressed the primacy of the practical reason over the theoretical reason more than any other segment of the philosophic tradition has done. It has been more strongly pluralistic in tone. And it has persistently sought to unite an emphasis upon individuality with a recognition of the social context which makes individuality possible and which provides it with its responsibility. The way American philosophy has handled these topics is at least as unique as American culture.

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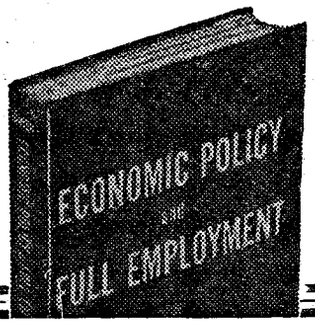

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE STORY OF MARY SURRATT" (Henry Miller's Theater) is concerned with the fate of an innocent woman whose foolish son got himself involved in Booth's plot to assassinate President Lincoln. The action begins on the evening of the crime, when Mary Surratt first discovered that her son was implicated; the entire middle section is devoted to her farcical trial before a military court determined in advance to hang her; and the play ends rather too conventionally with a scene in the death chamber just before the execution. The author—that same John Patrick who last year gave us the odd but not uninteresting piece called "The Hasty Heart"—has told his story in a simple, straightforwardly effective manner, and he has had the good fortune to get for the title role Miss Dorothy Gish, who gives a performance really memorable for its

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restraint, its dignity, and its power. Obviously then, whatever its further merits or defects may be, "The Story of Mary Surratt" cannot fail to hold the interest and to make an impression.

Playwrights of the present do not usually choose to deal with history unless they are prepared to indicate some implications for today, and it is plain enough that Mr. Patrick intends to do just that. Indeed, there are moments when one wonders whether he means to suggest a protest against the whole conception of "war guilt" and to hint that more injustice than justice is likely to be the result of any series of military trials. But he never explicitly states any charge either so specific or so sweeping as this, and when, in the final scene, he comes to draw his moral, it is merely that war is evil not only because it slaughters so many in battle but also because the whole atmosphere it creates is unfavorable to everything civilized or humane.

Now this thesis—if it can be called that—is one which any story of any injustice connected with a war would to some extent illustrate, for all wars and all injustice have something in common. But it is not clear that there is any very close parallel between the incident with which this play deals and any recent events, or that "The Story of Mary Surratt" has any unique pertinence at the present moment. It seems to me, therefore, that the final judgment passed upon it must depend upon its effectiveness as a piece of dramatic art rather than upon anything which it proves or even any moral which it illuminates. And it seems to me further that, for all its competence, its honesty, and its general air of truth—for all, even, of Miss Gish's admirable art—it both falls short of real greatness and lacks the power thoroughly to satisfy an audience, since it never manages to cross that hard-to-define line which separates the merely distressing or the merely painful from the genuinely tragic.

I know of course that there is possible in the drama as well as in other forms of literature a degree of intensity and elevation in whose presence what would otherwise be intolerable becomes, for reasons which neither Aristotle nor anyone since his time has quite adequately explained, capable of giving pleasure. At least for the sake of argument, I am also willing to grant that there are occasions when an artist may legitimately ask his audience to endure intense discomfort, if some important moral cannot be drawn unless the spectator can be forced to confront some unpalatable fact. But, as I have already tried to indicate, "The Story of Mary Surratt" is not quite elevated enough to transform the painful into pleasure and not unique enough in what it has to say to justify the author's demand that we witness events so purely distressing.

The whole question of the happy ending and of poetic justice is curiously involved. The insistence upon the former is commonly and perhaps properly regarded as one of the most characteristic features of philistinism. The doctrine of poetic justice is commonly cited as the most absurd of the inventions of a now long dead pedantry. But neither the philistine nor the neo-classicist is wholly absurd, because both are fumbling inexpertly with one aspect of a truth; and what can be said on their side of the argument was once said with great sobriety and moderation by Dr. Samuel Johnson. When the latter came to issue his edition of Shakespeare he probably amazed the more instructed of his contemporaries, as he has certainly amazed many succeeding critics, by confessing that he was not sure he did not prefer to the original ending of "King Lear" that new conclusion, written by Nahum Tate and long accepted on the stage, in which Cordelia is revived, given in marriage, and dismissed to live happily ever after. What he said in his own justification is said so much more pointedly and sensibly than anything of the sort has ever been said since that I must ask permission to quote it directly. "A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just presentation of the common events of human life; but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or that, if other excellences are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue." I can see nothing either philistine or merely pedantic in that statement, and I think it a relevant comment on "The Story of Mary Surratt."

"John Loves Mary" (Booth Theater) is a farce comedy by Norman Krasna, that expert concocter of such affairs who was recently responsible for the enormously successful "Dear Ruth." Like the latter piece, it is concerned with the artificial complications besetting the love life of a returned soldier; like the latter, it is cleverly plotted, cleverly written, and amusing enough to be pretty sure of a good long run. But there is hardly any excuse for saying any more about it than just that.

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Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

THE large-scale show at the Whitney, "Painting in France, 1939-1946" (through March 2), provides a much-looked-forward-to report on the present state of painting in the country that has been the undisputed capital of that art for the last hundred years. According to the catalogue's foreword, "It was our [the museum's] wish . . . that the work of younger artists and those less well-known in America should predominate." That wish, fortunately, has been met on the whole.

The show itself is shocking. Its general level is, if anything, below that of the past four or five Whitney annual exhibitions of American painting—about the lowness of which I have expressed myself rather strongly in the past, lamenting the sad state of American art in our day. Taking both American and French art wholesale, I now see that we have reason to congratulate ourselves on being as good as we are. Naturally, I except from this comparison the "old masters" of Paris—Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Rouault, Dufy, Bonnard, and Jacques Villon. These are represented at the Whitney by single examples—of which Bonnard's still life is the jewel, and a matchless one, while the other artists are generally shown in twos or threes.

The works of the older and less well-known artists, such as Goerg, Survage, Souverbie, Lhote, Marquet, Desnoyers, and others, demonstrate only too well the justice of their being less well known. Marquet remains his sober self, but most of these—Survage, Souverbie, Goerg—are not plodders on the trail of a limited or stale sensation but quick-change artists who orient themselves toward worldly public taste and predigest their betters for stylish consumption. The same corruption affects a good section of the younger generation, who, if generally less decorative, show a similar readiness to be content with superficial effects, provided only that they are flashy. Neo-cubists, neo-realists, neo-surrealists, neo-expressionists—they are alike in their brittle color and their excited and equally brittle design. Where their American equivalents tend to mud or garishness, French painters tend, apparently, to confetti and neon lights. If the Americans seem stodgy and dull, the liveliness and the knowingness of the French are empty. Nor, contrary to expectations, are the French more facile or tasteful. They are just as coarse, just as inept for the most part—and hysterical in the bargain.

Those who, like Ceria, Caillard, and Brianchon, stay closer to impressionism or who, like Oudot, Quizet, and Venard, slavishly imitate the generation of Derain and Utrillo, are at least occasionally pleasing. They have less effrontery and do not make a meaningless commotion. The Franco-Spaniard Borès likewise manages to please by treading humbly in Matisse's footsteps.

The most ambitious and advanced group is formed by the "synthesizers," those who marry Picasso to Matisse—Tal Coat, Tailleux, Pignon, Gischia, Fougeron, Bazaine. Tal Coat seems indeed to be the best of all the younger or less well-known artists present; in such canvases as "The Horse" and "The Rooster" he actually succeeds in making a quick Picassoish sort of calligraphy work against a background of fauvist color. And next to him on the wall Tailleux's still life, "The Fishes," while not so clarified, promises even more substance and force. These are the only ones of the younger painters whose work, on the evidence of this show, has both validity and the interest of the new. And even they are a trifle thin. Both Gischia and Pignon, whom I have seen to much better advantage in reproductions, are represented by big and emptily pretentious canvases—although Pignon does draw a ram's head beautifully in one of them. In Gischia's case the over-literal influence of Léger crushes all spontaneity; in Pignon's and Fougeron's, mannerisms taken from Picasso do the damage.

Except for two very bad pictures by Gleizes and Bazaine respectively, no outright abstract painting is to be seen. There is very little flat painting. Miró's influence is not to be detected anywhere, and no one, except Gleizes, ventures to go farther in surrendering the third dimension than Picasso and Matisse have done. Bernard Dorival suggests in the ornamental prose (translated) of his occasionally acute catalogue note that this relative conservatism—let one only compare it with American abstract painting—is motivated by the desire to place a synthesis of cubism and fauvism "at the service of the human aspiration of the expressionists and surrealists." And, indeed, most of these painters seem to be obsessed with the notion of violent and intelligible, explicit, obvious emotion, which they try to convey by expressive distortion applied to "significant" objects. The trouble is, however, that these distortions do not inhere sufficiently in *style*. Like the distortions in most of Picasso's recent work, they are arbitrary in an ultimate sense, not compelled by a style that is the emotion itself but superimposed or inserted with the label "emotion." The result is vulgarity and theater, and painters such as Lorjou, Ambrogiani, Aujame, Dany, Bertholle, Prassinos, and Alix upset all our notions about French temperament by outdoing the German expressionists at their wildest and most bathetic. The surrealists and neo-romantics present, like Coutaud, Labisse, and Courmes, are equally unspeakable.

Of course, it is quite likely that the whole show has been badly chosen. It is an institutional affair, supervised by curators, and we know from experience with the American variety how inept curators can become in the face of con-

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By Lillian T. Mowrer

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temporary art—even when it happens to be their *Fach*. Some important painters have been left out: among them, Eugène de Kermadec, whose work in reproduction is impressive, and Dubuffet. Also Estève, Lepicque, and several others—of whom reproductions give, however, an unfavorable idea. And in any case three such painters as Dubuffet, Tal Coat, and Kermadec, all under fifty, are enough to prove that French art still has vitality. Nevertheless, I myself feel more hopeful about American art. We lack poise, but we do seem to have on the whole—and at the moment—more originality and more honesty. And whereas, when all is said and done, Tal Coat, Kermadec, and even Dubuffet culminate in charm, we at least, when we do culminate, shall have force.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

IN THE last New York Philharmonic crisis, four years ago, Rodzinski and the management were, I thought, right in their changes of personnel, but the dismissed players also were right in some of their accusations against Rodzinski and the management. They contended—rightly, it seemed to me—that the management had blundered in engaging and reengaging Barbirolli. By the management they meant both the board of directors and the business manager, Arthur Judson; and it seemed to me reasonable to assume that where the directors' qualifications were their money, business standing, or social position, Mr. Judson's activity had not been limited to issuing stamps and petty cash. They also contended that Mr. Judson, in his use of his power, had subordinated the orchestra's interests to those of his Columbia Concerts Corporation; and again I thought it reasonable to argue that a man who had conductors and soloists for hire should not have anything to do with the hiring of conductors and soloists for the orchestra.

It is this power of Mr. Judson and his use of it that are the issues in the present crisis. Rodzinski now accuses him of usurping power in artistic matters that the business manager of an orchestra should not have, and of using it improperly for his own interests as a manager of concert artists. The artistic matters Rodzinski refers to include the appearances of guest conductors and soloists with the orchestra; and he contends that they are properly among the things over which the musical director of an orchestra should have power, not the business manager, and certainly not a business manager who is also a a manager of conductors and soloists and who, instead of engaging artists for the artistic benefit of the orchestra, can use appearances with the orchestra in its concerts and broadcasts to build up the prestige and commercial value of the artists he manages and to lure artists away from other managers. In this general contention Rodzinski is right beyond any question; and as far as his own case is concerned one might, as I did and still do, question his fitness for the post of musical director of the Philharmonic, but if one decided to give it to him one would be obligated to give the powers over artistic matters that go with it to him, not to Mr. Judson.

This is one of the occasions when a music critic must speak not only to the public but for it; and Virgil Thomson, in his Sunday article on the subject, spoke out precisely and unequivocally about the "unbalance of power" that is "the trouble with the Philharmonic," and about the fact that "Arthur Judson is unsuited by the nature and magnitude of his business interests to manage with the necessary self-effacement a major intellectual institution doing business with his other interests." For Olin Downes, on the other hand, too little had been published of Rodzinski's charges and the directors' answers, and "the details of this matter are not this column's present concern"—which enabled him to escape from the immediate issue into a two-column cloud of history and generalization.

One passage in Mr. Downes's article calls for comment. Speaking of past mistakes he wrote: "Why John Barbirolli . . . was made musical director of the orchestra . . . and maintained there . . . for seasons after he had conclusively demonstrated his insufficiency for that post is still a mystery which has been impossible to solve. As a result the orchestra quickly and appallingly retrograded . . . while reviewers became positively embarrassed to record the level of mediocrity, or worse, in the performances." Actually the Philharmonic management was able to maintain Barbirolli in his post because of reviews such as Mr. Downes's in the *Times* of October 11, 1940—characteristic not only in its swirling flood of muddy thought and prose, but in the way the truth about Barbirolli's performances of Elgar's "Enigma" Variations and Sibelius's Second Symphony was restricted to slight, unobtrusive, and minimized qualifications of the lavish praise. The Sibelius symphony, for example, "was read, for the greater part, in bardic vein. There was breadth and sweep of line in places where interpreters have fussed with detail. . . . There was sensitive treatment of details of delicate and haunting instrumental effects. . . . A thoughtful reading was distinguished prevailingly by fine proportions and a real sense of form"—after which one read that "where this feeling was lost was in places where tempo was too suddenly whipped up or slowed down," and, paradoxically, "the impression was of a too calculated performance, with many fine attributes, one which, had all previous calculations been forgotten, and the music given its head, would have been a complete instead of a conditioned success."

This was hardly an embarrassed recording of mediocrity or worse, and anything but a demonstration of the conductor's insufficiency for his post; and Barbirolli probably would be conducting the Philharmonic today if it had not been for Mr. Thomson, who summed up his impressions of the same concert with the statement that "the

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music itself was soggy, the playing dull and brutal." It was after he had spoken out that others, including Mr. Downes, followed; and it was under this pressure that the Philharmonic directors acted to replace Barbirolli. So today: if they had only the material in the *Times* to worry about they wouldn't worry at all; and if they do act to take the Philharmonic out of Mr. Judson's power it will be under the pressure created by Mr. Thomson's comment.

Not that this seems likely: what the eruption has brought into the open is not merely the unbalance of power as between the business manager and the musical director within the Philharmonic, but the status of the Philharmonic itself in relation to other organizations, which is responsible for that unbalance. The Philharmonic is not, like the Boston Symphony, an independent organization with its own business manager and legal representatives who deal with the representatives of artist bureaus and recording and broadcasting companies. Its status is rather like that of a subsidiary of U. S. Steel: not only is it managed by the head of Columbia Concerts Corporation, but a member of the legal counsel for CBS, Columbia Recording Corporation, and Columbia Concerts Corporation is the Philharmonic's lawyer and an audibly influential member of its board of directors.

That material in the *Times*—Mr. Downes' Sunday article, the early news stories carrying smears of Rodzinski that had later to be retracted, the story of Mr. Judson's career on the Sunday music page, which might have been written by his publicity representative—is the sort of thing one expects to find in a conservative newspaper, which believes literally in conserving whatever exists and functions and has money invested in it or important people associated with it, and which therefore believes that nothing or as little as possible should be said that will discredit it or those people. One would expect to find the same thing in the *Herald Tribune;* but that review of Mr. Thomson's in 1940 was only the first of many surprises.

But though Mr. Downes operates as the critic of a conservative paper, a big enough issue will move him to the proper response. Let a conductor keep his audience quiet between movements of a symphony, and the Downes anger will spill out on paper. Let the musicians' union ask an orchestra for a higher weekly minimum, or let composers try to increase the modest fee for performances of their music, and there will be an indignant Downes harumphing about this dangerous attempt to exact "all that the traffic will bear." I would give something to hear the composers and orchestral musicians on the subject of Mr. Downes's income from his various services to music.

Letters to the Editors

Postscript to Pay Day

Dear Sirs: There is another story to tell. Last Thursday the good people of Georgia took over the Capitol. They came from everywhere; from little towns you can't find on the map, and plenty that you can, to protest at the white-primary hearings. Grass-roots Georgia, cheering like old Confederates, giving the rebel yell but with fine new words. The theme song was, "Yes, we're proud to be Georgian but we are prouder to be American."

It was camp-meetin'-style democracy and as much fun as a camp-meetin'. We had everything but "dinner on the ground." The protests and the crowd were warmly humorous, polite, rippling with soft laughter, and as colloquial as "Sadday" afternoon. All of this illumined by flares of Southern oratory in defense of decency and truth, and a refrain running through almost every speech like a revival song, about Christian brotherhood. Preachers and veterans made the eloquent speeches; but the women from rural sections spoke with a shy sincerity that moved me even more deeply.

Maybe you don't know how it feels to hear for the first time in your Capitol the words of democracy spoken with pride and without fear. But we down here, burdened so long with the taboo of silence and the urge to "expediency," were stirred to the heart when that silence was broken to splinters in the crowded senate room. Everybody wanted to make a speech for human rights, or against Roy Harris, or for democracy. The chairman finally had to limit speeches to one minute. People called out in pain, "I've gotta speak," and folks would laugh and say, "Oh, let 'em speak." We've whispered so long in Georgia. It was wonderful to be able to shout aloud for democracy.

What does it mean? We do not yet know. Some say it was the largest crowd ever to attend a hearing at the Capitol. Whatever else, we know these people came on one of the coldest days of the winter, hundreds of miles, driven to Atlanta not by pressure groups but by the pressure of their own conscience. There is nothing like a Southern conscience when it gets going on sin. But white supremacy was called SIN at that meeting last Thursday. If that kind of revival gets going in Georgia, Humman had better begin looking for something else to fool our rural folks with.

LILLIAN SMITH

Clayton, Ga., February 11

An Old Disease

Dear Sirs: The world today, as for some time past, is suffering from generalitis, or acute inflammation caused by the presence of too many generals in positions of great power and influence.

Our Secretary of State is a general, as is also our Assistant Secretary of State for Enemy Territories. We have a general in charge of the Veterans' Administration, another heads Labor Department Rehabilitation, and a third the Office of Temporary Controls. We have a general as ambassador to Russia, another as ambassador to Belgium, and an admiral as ambassador to Panama.

A recent rereading of some Gibbon left me with the feeling that the outstanding fact in the slow decay of the Roman Empire was the unwillingness of victorious generals to yield in time of peace the power they had enjoyed in time of war.

ASA M. HUGHES

Lansdale, Pa., February 10

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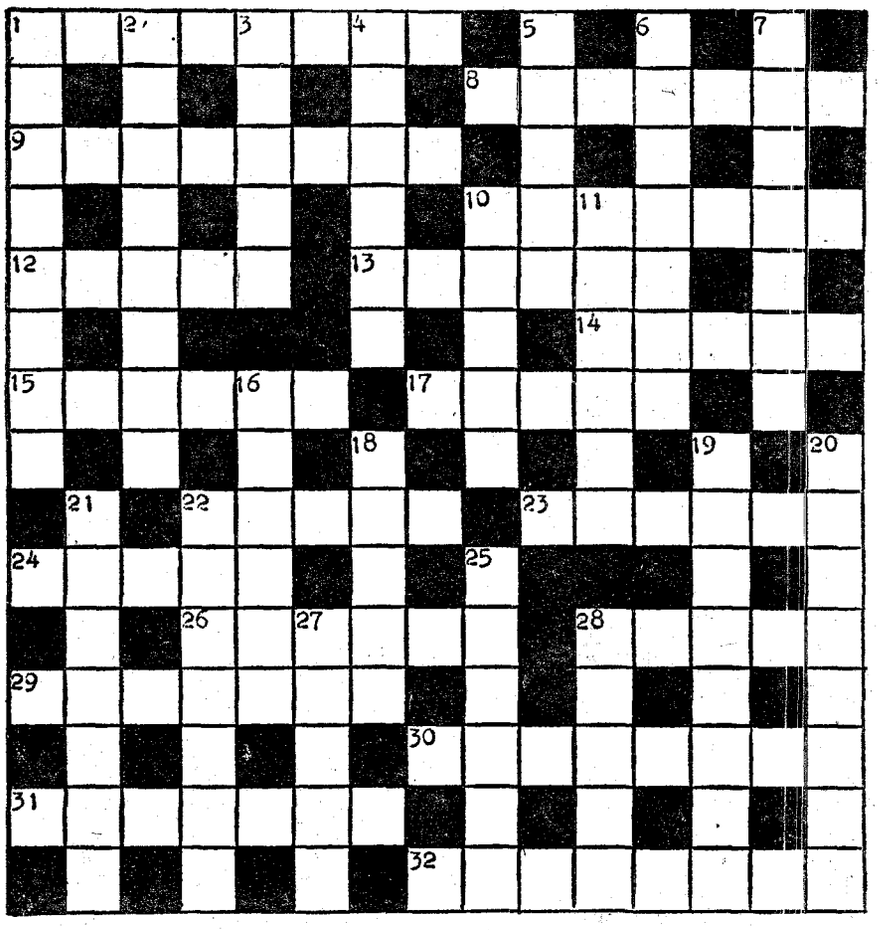
Crossword Puzzle No. 200

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Dear old things that are cared for in homes
8 Maker (making a fateful pronouncement, from the sound of it!)
9 Gate, or fascinate—it depends on the accent
10 It makes painful hearing
12 Sad shack
13 Book for a young scholar who does not find it easy to start
14 French town of draped walls
15 Though no Spartan, this Persian viceroy comes from Sparta
17 We hit a paleface
22 Back parts—they sometimes feel it!
23 Wake here
24 Tree that kills anything growing beneath it
26 What they did to the regulation about English church bells when the invasion threat ended
28 Human hooter
29 Is it the jag that makes these big cats so noisy?
30 Made out (6 & 2)
31 Downs rise and elevators sometimes do this
32 First steamship to cross the Atlantic (in 23 days)

DOWN

1 Pursued by a river, she changed into a fountain and ran into the sea
2 Smarten up
3 This bird seems chicken-hearted
4 Save
5 Top of the bottle
6 Kingdom of a Henry
7 The fevered brow?
10 The GI makes it
11 Lariats
16 She has a part in the National Theatre
18 They often follow suit in trains
19 Obliged to be seen?
20 Dig in
21 What the paperhanger does for a change at home?
22 Crush
25 Under a shade tree Ira stands, in a southern New York town
27 Is frequently getting stewed
28 Her fiance gives her a ring, no doubt

□—□—□—□

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 199

ACROSS:—1 PEBBLES; 5 PALSIED; 9 UNLADED; 10 NOVELLO; 11 CORPS; 12 CHALLENGE; 14 COLT; 15 EXTREME; 18 COG; 20 RAS; 21 HEARKEN; 23 BUMP; 26 CALLS OVER; 28 LARVA; 29 AVAILED; 30 ALMONER; 31 SADIRON; 32 SATCHEL.

DOWN:—1 PAUNCH; 2 BELFRY; 3 LADYSMOCK; 4 SIDECUT; 5 PINNACE; 6 LEVEL; 7 INLANDER; 8 DIOGENES; 13 FOE; 16 TIME LIMIT; 17 MAN; 18 CHOCTAWS; 19 GALLIARD; 22 NEVADAN; 23 BURIALS; 24 FRENCH; 25 BARREL; 27 SOLAR.

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